

The Sketch

No. 981.—Vol. LXXVI.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1911.

SIXPENCE.



THE VERY BRITISH GERMAN CROWN PRINCE: H.I.H. IN ULTRA-ENGLISH DRESS.

So much discussion has been aroused by what has been described as an anti-British demonstration on the part of the German Crown Prince that it is especially interesting to see his Imperial Highness in his British manner—that is to say, to show him, as we do here, not only in strictly English dress, but photographed by an English photographer during a visit to England. It will be recalled that the German Crown Prince had four days' special leave from his regiment at Dantzig that he might attend the debate on the Moroccan Question in the Reichstag. He was present only on the Thursday, the opening day of the discussion, and returned to Dantzig on the Saturday night.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey.



MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"



A New Point of Attack.

I have been reading, in one of my daily papers, a long article by Miss Cicely Hamilton entitled "Bald Heads." Miss Hamilton finds fault with men for showing their bald heads in public.

"From a coign of vantage"—oh, Miss Hamilton!—"in a place of entertainment, I saw the stalls—close-packed and stretching away from beneath me to the stage—revealing, when the house lights went up in the interval, a restless, bird's-eye view of hatless human heads. Women's heads, variegated, no pair of them alike—dressed, waved, trinketed, smoothed, curled, and fluffy. And men's heads, monotonously sleek, thin at the top, or shamelessly reflecting the electric light from polished, hairless surfaces."

You will ask yourself, friend the reader, what Miss Hamilton's object can be in drawing this singularly unpleasant picture. What is her motive? Why go out of her way to rail on poor bald-headed men in this style? My own solution of the problem is that, being an ardent advocate of votes for women, Miss Hamilton makes the common mistake of supposing that her cause will be helped by ridiculing the male sex.

"But," you will ask, "does the exposure of a bald head mean that the bald-headed man, or Man in general, is inferior to the woman who wears artificial hair, or Woman in general?"

Cries of "Yah! Yah!"

Yes, Miss Hamilton can even do that for you. Listen—

"Whence does the hairless gentleman derive the courage, the indifference, or the impudence which enables him to expose his scalp to the public eye, naked and unashamed? After due and earnest consideration"—really, really, Miss Hamilton!—"I submit that the answer to that question is that he derives such courage, indifference, or impudence from the double portion of personal vanity inherent in the male. . . . The woman with artificial locks pinned over a widened parting is really a humble-minded creature anxious to curry favour with her surroundings. . . . Contrast this deferential, self-distrustful attitude in woman with the arrogant indifference of man to the loss of his decent and natural head-covering; with the self-satisfied masculine temperament consoling itself for its oncoming hairlessness with the reflection that its numerous other attractions and advantages make the matter of a shiny pate of small account indeed."

Now, people who are willing to be convinced by an argument without taking the trouble to look for the flaw in it may be encouraged by Miss Hamilton's article to behave disrespectfully towards their bald-headed relations. They may wave this copy of the newspaper in the faces of fathers, uncles, or husbands, crying as they do so, "Yah! Yah!" Miss Hamilton, to all intents and purposes, has cried "Yah! Yah!" Let us, therefore, look for the retort courteous.

A Little Logic.

Miss Hamilton puts her syllogism in this way—

Women with scanty locks wear artificial hair because they are doubtful of their powers to attract;
Men with scanty locks do not wear artificial hair because they are not doubtful of their powers to attract. Therefore,
Men are vainer than women.

You do not object to that, do you, Miss Hamilton? That is a fair statement of your case? You must admit it. You can't help

admitting it. Very well. Now put the syllogism in another form—

Everybody is anxious to attract;
But men with scanty locks think they can still attract, whilst women with scanty locks do not think so. Therefore,
Men are vainer than women.

You see the flaw at once, friend the reader. It is the very common fallacy known as "begging the question." To make her argument convincing, Miss Hamilton should first have proved that everybody is anxious to attract. But she did not do that. She admitted, however, that women are all anxious to attract, which leaves it open for us to say that the bald-headed man has given it up as a bad job and turned his attention to other matters. Wherefore, in conclusion, it would seem that, after all, women are vainer than men.

A Graceful Concession.

Before I leave this subject, however, I must quote one more passage from Miss Hamilton's article—

"Yet on some, at least, of those elderly ladies with their grey, abundant locks, Time must have laid the finger that withers as well as whitens. As far as we are concerned, it matters not. As far as we are concerned, their hair grows thick and comely round their faces; and if art has been kinder to them than Nature, the effect on us is a pleasant and decent effect."

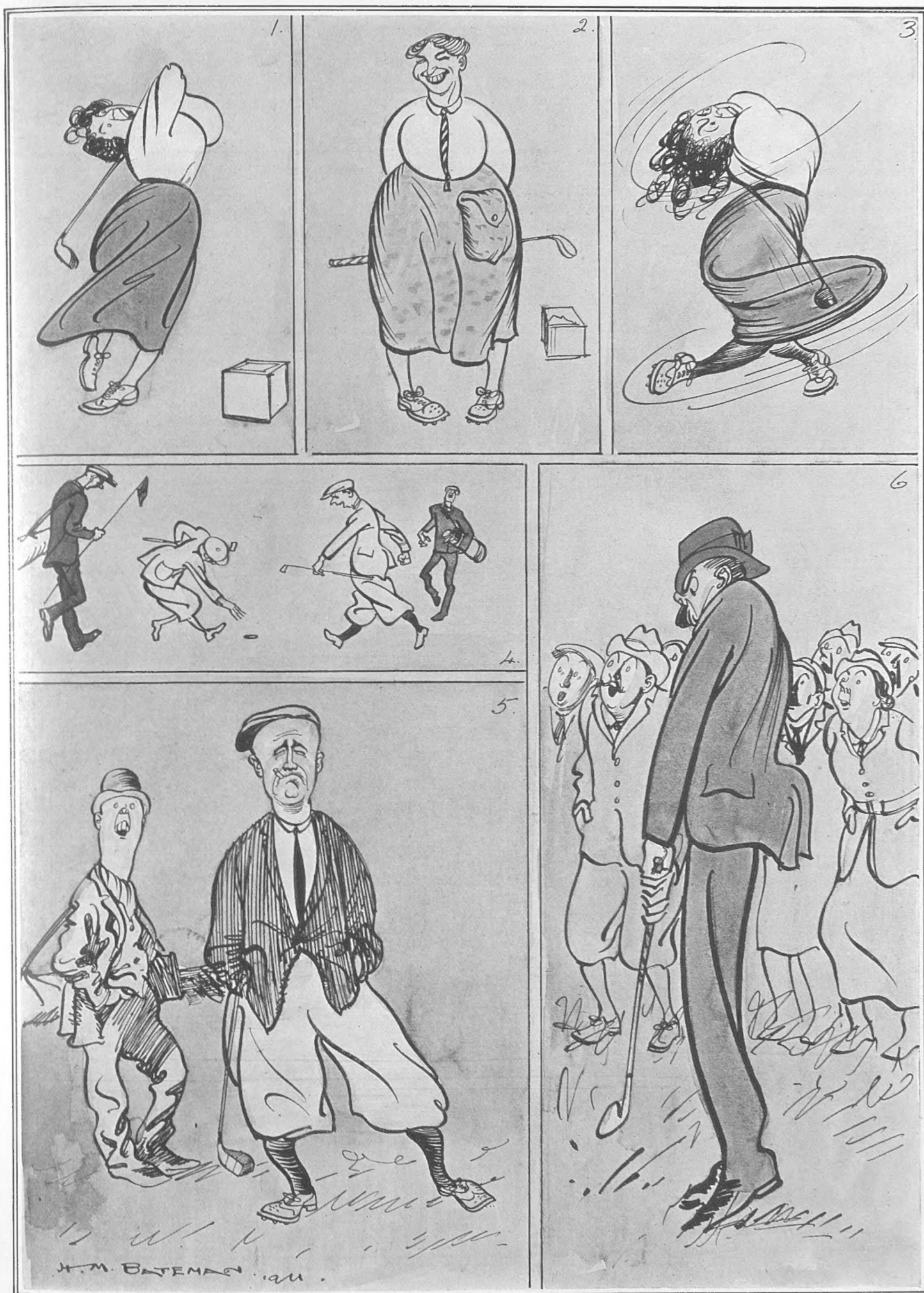
This, I venture to say, is not written in the spirit of a reformer. Is Miss Hamilton really charmed when she sees an elderly lady in a wig?—for that is what her statement amounts to. Or is she prepared to accept anything and everything done by women because they are women? Is she afraid of weakening her cause by seeking out the weak spots in her own ranks? Is the wig really necessary?

My objection to the totally bald head is just as strong as Miss Hamilton's, but I dislike the wig just as much. A wig, at best, is a repulsive-looking affair. Where are the sweet little caps that our grandmothers, and even our mothers in their younger days, wore? I have before me, as I write, an excellent reproduction of Whistler's famous portrait of his mother. She wears, as all the world knows, an exquisite lace cap that covers the entire head save for the smooth, close-drawn strands on the forehead. Could anything be more dignified? More becoming? More charming? I look forward to the day—and I hope Miss Hamilton will lend me the aid of her clever pen in my crusade—when the head-covering, for those advanced in life, both men and women, shall be universal. A dignified head-covering, though, not some stuffy, dusty article composed of hair from dead men's—and dead women's—heads.

No Cause for Alarm.

A great deal of attention has been paid to Lord Rosebery's speech on the too-many-books question. Lord Rosebery held up his hands in horror at the constant output of new books, and he has managed to alarm a great many nice people. I beg of them to be calm. There is no such thing as a new book. Every book that is written and published in our day is merely a new edition of an old book. If there is anything in that edition that the old book did not include, the new edition was worth publishing and is worthy of preservation. If there is anything that brings the old book up to date—anything that contrasts manners now, for instance, with manners then—the new edition is worth preserving. But a book that is not true to its own age will perish of natural causes. Every oak produces acorns, remember; but it is not every acorn that takes root and becomes the producer of other acorns.

Cheer up, your Lordship! All is well with the book world!

According to the Press Photographer. I.—Golf.

1. "MISS A., THE RUNNER-UP, DRIVING."

2. "MISS B., WINNER OF THE COMPETITION."

3. "MISS C., THE SURPRISE OF THE MEETING, WHO GOT TO THE SECOND ROUND."

4. "THE FOURTH GREEN DURING THE PROGRESS OF THE 'VARSITY MATCH.'"

5. "MR. H. H. HILTON, WHO WON A STROKE COMPETITION IN AMERICA RECENTLY."

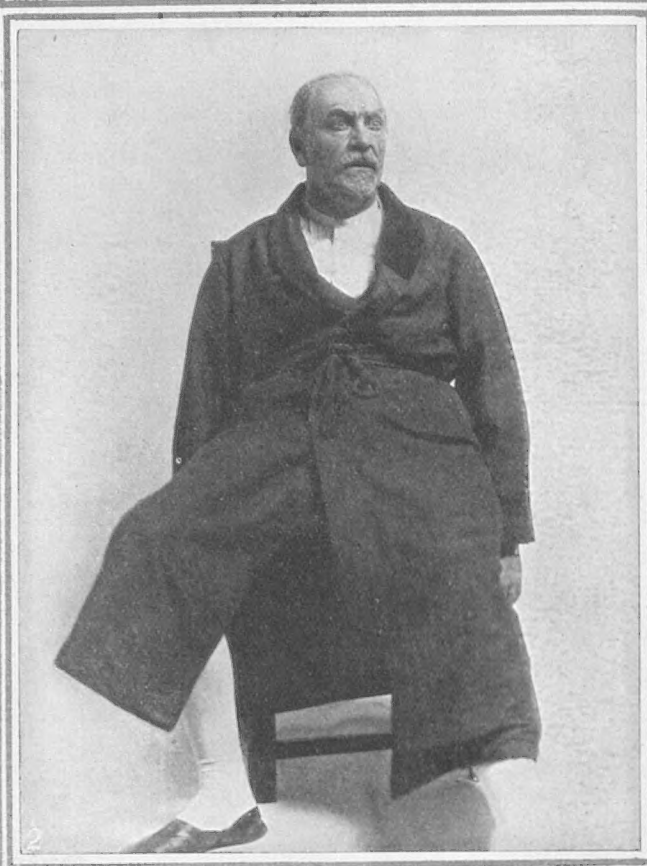
6. "JAMES BRAID PLAYING HIS FAMOUS SHOT AT WALTON HEATH."

Our Artist is evidently getting jealous of the ubiquity of the Press photographer: hence these sly hits at the results sometimes attained by the man behind the camera. The execution of this page has not sated our Artist: he promises others on the subject.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

THE BISMARCK-TOLSTOY PEACE PLAY: "THE WAR GOD."

MR. ISRAEL ZANGWILL'S NEW PLAY AT HIS MAJESTY'S.



1. MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AS COUNT TORGRIM (THE BISMARCK PART).

2. MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AS COUNT TORGRIM, *EN PANTOUFLES*.

3. MISS LILLAH MCCARTHY AS THE LADY NORNA (SHOOTING COUNT FRITHIOF).

4. SIR HERBERT TREE AS COUNT FRITHIOF (THE TOLSTOY PART).

In *Count Torgrim*, Chancellor of Gothia and the War God, Mr. Zangwill pictures his idea of Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor; in *Count Frithiof* he pictures Tolstoy. His play, which is in blank verse, deals in statecraft, war and peace, anarchism, world-politics, with Christianity and with Hebraism.

Three photographs by F. W. Burford.

A DAUGHTER OF HENRY VIII. IN AN ISRAEL ZANGWILL PLAY.



WITH THE DOLL WHICH WAS TO HAVE BEEN USED AS PRINCESS ELIZABETH IN "KING HENRY VIII." BUT WAS CUT OUT AND NOW APPEARS IN "THE WAR GOD": MISS LAURA COWIE AS PRINCESS ELSA OF HUNLAND, AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Miss Cowie regards this doll as a mascot. It was to have been used in Sir Herbert Tree's production of "King Henry VIII." to represent Princess Elizabeth, afterwards Queen Elizabeth; but, as rehearsals went on, the scene in which it would have appeared was cut out. It is now to be seen in Mr. Israel Zangwill's new play, "The War God."

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The Arab Women and Children.

We pride ourselves upon being a humane nation, and upon pleading the cause of humanity whenever an offence is committed against it; but in our righteous indignation we are never prepared to give other nations credit for being as humane as we are ourselves. It has been asserted in a good many quarters that some Italian soldiers, taking advantage of a loosely worded order from their General, killed Arab women and children during the clearance from the oasis of Arabs. Once these facts established, we should wait to see what steps the Italian Government will take to punish the offenders against the laws of humanity; and we should remember that the Italian people are just as high-minded as we are ourselves, and that by abuse and indiscriminate denunciation we are only making it difficult for the authorities at

Rome to take the steps which every sensible man in this country believes they will take to wipe off this stain from the Italian arms. While deploring the incident, it seems to me that we can also sympathise with a young nation which finds its first serious effort to colonise blotted at the outset by an offence against all customs of war.

The Punishment of Treachery.

For the Arabs of the oasis who were shot after some of their number had treacherously attacked the Italian force in the rear, no soldiers of any nation are likely to have much sympathy. The sheikhs of the oasis, acting for the Arabs under their control, had made submission to the Italians and had surrendered some firearms, which they declared were all the arms possessed by their people.

A force of

these Arabs, who had concealed their arms, attacked the Italians at a critical moment when they were being pressed hard in front by the Turks and the Arabs of the desert. When the Italians, being ordered to capture and bring to trial any Arabs found with arms in their hands, discovered that all the inhabitants of the oasis had once again become peaceful peasants, digging in their fields and gardens, it is no very great cause for surprise that, in the subsequent killing, some peaceful men as well as the treacherous ones came by their deaths.

Our Own Experiences.

All men who have fought on the borders of India have experienced the difficulty of distinguishing fighting men from peaceful men amongst the wild tribes of the North West. An expeditionary force sends out in the daytime its patrols, who find in the villages peaceful peasants digging their land. Yet one out of every two of them has a rifle and ammunition concealed somewhere amongst the rocks or in the roof of his hut, and the peasant of the daytime becomes the sniper at night, who lies out amongst the rocks and fires into the camp at intervals. The men who fight for us in our Indian campaigns are old soldiers under the sternest of discipline, and play the great game of war with an almost Quixotic chivalry that has cost our army hundreds of

valuable lives. That a young army filled up by reservists, and not yet quite in hand, has in Tripoli taken an indiscriminate revenge for treachery is not to be wondered at, though it is to be deplored.

In Cabul.

The British Army has before now been obliged to deal with Moslem fanatics in very peremptory manner. When our men occupied Cabul, scarcely a day passed but that some British officer was cut down in the street by a Mohammedan fanatic who had been promised all the pleasures of paradise by his priests if he killed an unbeliever. It was found necessary to warn the inhabitants of Cabul that any native approaching too close to a British officer was liable to be shot, and notices were posted in all the bazaars bidding peaceful men not to come within a specified distance of British soldiers. Whether any men were actually shot I do not know, but I believe that the order had the effect of stopping the murders.

Other Protests. The Italians feel very deeply the great cry that has gone up against them from all Christendom, but it may be some consolation to their wounded feelings to remember that every nation in its turn comes under the lash of those good men who do not realise what warfare is. The Germans were vilified when, forty years ago, they threatened to hang every *franc-tireur* who came into their hands, and in later days the conduct of their troops in the Cameroons was denounced as odious. We must not forget the unmerited abuse we received from all Europe for establishing the segregation camps for the women and children of the Boers during the South African War, and the term "murderer" which was so freely applied to our soldiers.



THE KING'S REPRESENTATIVE IN EGYPT: LORD KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM AS BRITISH AGENT AND CONSUL-GENERAL.

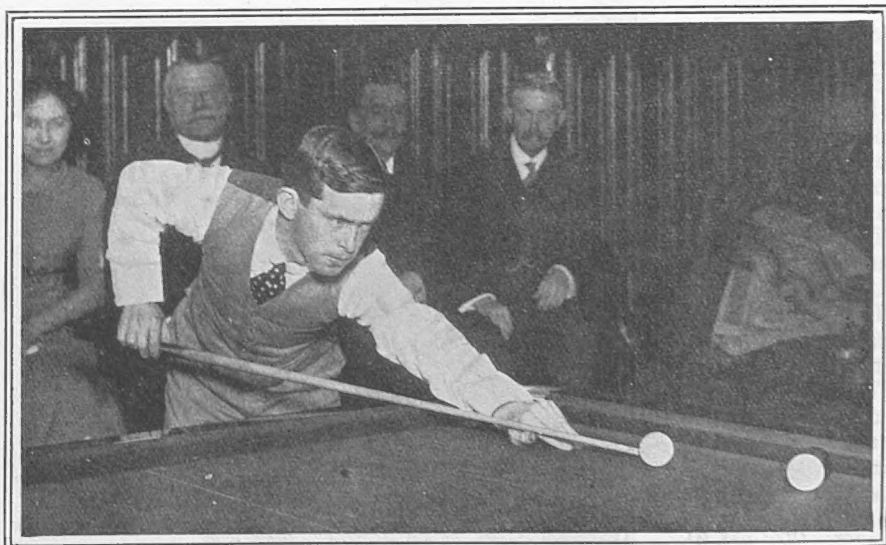
When he presented his credentials to the Khedive, Lord Kitchener, speaking in French, said: "The King, my august master, charges me, in handing to your Highness these credentials, to accompany them with an expression of his highest esteem for the person of your Highness, and his sincere wishes for the well-being of Egypt. I need not add that the sentiments of the King, my master, in regard to your Highness and Egypt, are also those of his representative."

Photograph by H. K. Topalian.



MASTER OF THE HORSE OF THE KINGDOM OF PRUSSIA: COUNT LEHN-DORFF (X), WHO HAS JUST RETIRED, AFTER HAVING SERVED THE KAISER FOR TWENTY-FOUR YEARS.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.



GEORGE GRAY'S RIVAL: FRED LINDRUM.

Fred Lindrum has just arrived in London from Australia to fix up a match with George Gray. He has been the winner when playing the "wonderful boy" in Australia on several occasions.

Photograph by Topical.

The Turks themselves should remember how fiercely they protested against the tales of the Bulgarian atrocities when the late Mr. Gladstone wished to turn them bag and baggage out of Europe.



LORD Charles Beresford's suppression of the book that he would blush to see facing him when, in the future, he is paying friendly calls at the Admiralty may be looked upon as altruism or deep-sea cunning, according to one's politics. But there is another thing Lord Charles might do if, in truth, his whole desire is to "give the new man a chance." He might, so to say, suppress also himself. The plains of Delhi itch for him; a bunk to carry him to the Durbar yawns for him. Thirty-six years ago he went with the late King to India; then he was plain Lieutenant. Now, as one of the first English sailors of his time, and as a survivor of that memorable visit, his presence would be as appropriate as it is picturesque. Lord Knollys, another survivor of the 1875 expedition, cannot go; Lord Carrington, another, is wanted at home; and so, too, in a more domestic sense, is Lord Suffield, re-married and on the brink of eighty-two, though by no means on the brink of the permanent armchair.

The Barred Durbar.

Lord Suffield may well cast an incredulous eye down the new tariff of the expenses of an Indian journey; and, if one may judge from a general slackness in Durbar bookings, others, even without his personal experience, are doing the same. India sounds expensive, and is expensive; but, apart from the wardrobe that is supposed to be necessary, the way there need not be paved with gold by the wayfarer. A mere handful of



TO MARRY MR. HENRY LESLIE BOYD ON THE 18TH: MISS BEATRIX CHAPMAN.

Miss Chapman is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Frederick Chapman, of Dieppe, and of Mrs. Chapman, of 20, Rosary Gardens. Her marriage to Mr. H. L. Boyd, of 18, Kensington Court Place, is to take place at St. Jude's, South Kensington.

Photograph by Swaine.

people are going out under the wing of the India Office, which had hoped to be of use to a few thousand visitors. Up to the last moment Curzon House still offers vacancies at eight pounds a day, and Nicholson Camp wants more campers at two guineas. The last moment has, to all intents and purposes, arrived; though people still idly "think about going out." To get to India before their Majesties it was necessary to leave London last week, or Marseilles on Nov. 14.

En Route. The Earl and Countess of Londonborough, with



REPORTED ENGAGED TO MR. CLAUDE GRAHAME WHITE, THE FAMOUS AIRMAN: MISS MARIE CAMPBELL, OF NEW YORK.

Miss Campbell was the first woman to make a passenger flight with Mr. Grahame White in the United States.

Photograph by Atlantic News Service.



A NEW PEERESS, LADY EMMOTT.

On being raised to the Peerage, the Right Hon. Alfred Emmott has taken the title Baron Emmott of Oldham. Lady Emmott was Miss Mary Gertrude Lees. Her marriage took place in 1887.

Photograph by Thomson.

Lady Irene Denison, left more than punctually for the tryst next month in Delhi. Viscount Iveagh also left for the Eastern field of gold; Lady Iveagh will abide at Elveden Hall for the greater part of the English winter. Mr. Jacob Hood, who had doubts about the journey before he understood the King's desire for his presence, entertained his neighbours in Tite Street before his departure. The artist's is a less enviable post than the historian's: the one must produce his work on the spot, put his paint-box beneath his pillow, his brushes with his tooth gear, and generally cram his cabin with his materials. Your historian takes his fountain-pen, or perhaps forgets it, and writes his book when he gets home. Mr. W. S. B. McLaren is also bound for India, not on

the strength of his initials—not really borrowed from Wilfred Scawen Blunt—but of the doctor's orders. Nobody here at home but the most churlish prophet of evil would discover in Sir Frederick Ponsonby's illness an augury of ill for India and her ceremony of State. But in India itself the death of a Rajah, and some unexplained current of despondency in certain sections of an impressionable population, are quite enough to set on foot a rumour, not of some petty national disaster, but of no less an event than the end of the world. The Hon. John Fortescue, who is responsible for the safety of the Koh-i-Noor during the time of its return to the land



WRITER OF THE MYSTERY PLAY "THE SOUL OF THE WORLD": MRS. PERCY DEARMER.

Mrs. Dearmer, wife of the Rev. Percy Dearmer, has written a Christmas miracle play, "The Soul of the World," which will be produced shortly by the Morality Play Society. Princess Marie Louise of Schleswig-Holstein is president of the committee for the production.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

that weaves around it many superstitious woes, is fully alive to the need of gravity and tact in handling his charge. Of all people he is the last to do violence to the susceptibilities of the natives, and, like most English gentlemen, he finds quite incredible the story of the officer who, when he was shown a temple lamp that had been burning for a thousand years, swelled his cheeks and blew it out. Such vandalism would be especially execrable to one who keeps alight the lamp of learning among royal archives.



THE FEMININE SIDE OF THE CITY OF LONDON: THE NEW LADY MAYORESS AND HER "SUITE."

The new Lord Mayor of London, Alderman Sir Thomas Boor Crosby, being a widower, the duties of Lady Mayoress devolve upon his daughter, Miss Crosby, whose maids-of-honour are here shown with her. In the photograph are (sitting, from left to right) Miss Mary Truscott, Miss May Dimsdale, Miss Freda Wakefield (a train-bearer), the Lady Mayoress, Miss Queenie Dunn, and Miss Dollie Bowater; standing (from left to right) are Miss Christine Henman (a train-bearer), Miss Winnie Halse, and Miss Marion Smith. To these must be added Miss Gwen Marshall, Miss Dorothy Preedy, and Miss Joan Venn (a train-bearer).

Photograph by L.N.A.

FALLEN IN FULL FLIGHT: THE DEATH OF THE HUNTER.



A BIRD OF PREY PREY FOR MAN: A HAWK THE MOMENT AFTER IT HAD BEEN SHOT.

We here present a remarkable photograph of a hawk falling prey to man, to one who can say: "Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch; Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth. . . . I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment," and may even argue that he has judgment that is more than shallow.

Photograph by Thevenin.



By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

CONGRATULATIONS to Mr. Edgar Jones, who is 102 years old, and the oldest member of the Royal College of Surgeons. That is the sort of medical man who inspires confidence, for we all believe in the old adage, "Physician, heal thyself!"

"The art of driving in London is the art of getting out of the way," said a cabman at the Westminster County Court. And infinitely more so is the art of crossing the street, except when the taxis are on strike.

Beware of soup! Consommé is not a food, but should properly be classed as a stimulant with brandy and champagne. And for years past revellers have been imagining that it was the salmon!

Mr. Bumble's old friend, the Law, says that boxers must for the future only exchange nice, soft pats, or they will be subjected to pains and penalties. The only

chance these persons of superabundant energy have now got is to call themselves "peaceful pickets."

Who will solve this problem? Why are we

Egg scientists, otherwise poultrymen, advocate giving wine, pepper, ginger, or gunpowder to hens to stimulate egg-laying. Why not give the hens a tumbler of hot water at night, and have the eggs ready boiled in the morning?

Chicago is a weird place. One of its prominent citizens wants to divorce his wife because she asked him to thread her needle. If she had told him to sew on his own buttons, one could have understood it.

China's new Constitution is to be modelled on the British Constitution. Good. But which British Constitution? The one which was going up to last August, or the new-fangled arrangement which we have got now?

Gliders, which can be built at home for about £6, are rapidly becoming popular, especially with the rising generation. But they are becoming a serious annoyance to the generations which do

not want to rise but are content to remain on earth.

Invalids, says the *Evening News*, are going in increasing numbers to Sheffield in search of the



supposed to tip cab-drivers and not bus-drivers; servers in restaurants and not servers in shops; and railway porters and not railway clerks? The solution of this puzzle will be its own reward.

For the next twelve months the Mansion House will be known as Crosby Hall.

Snake-skin is the fashionable leather for women's shoes this autumn.



Chloe, they tell me you've given up weeping, That woman's chief weapon you're casting away; The statement appears to me somewhat too sweeping.

The habit of æons dies not in a day. You flatter yourself that you're growing strong-minded, And setting aside women's tremors and fears; For my part, I fancy by pride you are blinded, If not by the mist of Victorian tears.

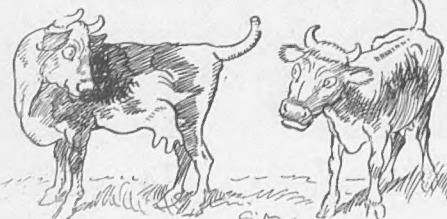
Chloe, believe me, to weep with discretion, To squeeze out a tear at the critical time, Is a subtly contrived and most potent aggression, Masked by an impudence almost sublime.

Provided, of course, that your weeping is wilful, For Chloe, I'm much too polite to suppose That a girl of your talents could be so unskilful As to puff up her eyelids, or redden her nose.



It will be satisfactory for the daughters of Eve to be able to stamp on a snake.

BY-NO-MEANS-IDLE TEARS. (Women no longer cry as they used to, because they find that tears are no good.)



prescribed for her." Fancy a gigantic pill-box coming home, labelled "One new hat to be taken every week for the next six months."

ETIQUETTE FOR COWS.

(Strange stories have been going about concerning cows of late. It is true that someone took them in hand, and told them not to make such demands on our credulity.)

I lately sang of the Highland cow Which possesses a strangely absorbent ear, And shows the Balmoral sportsmen how She pockets the golf-balls wandering near. And here is a cow of an Irish breed (But it seems to me that the story fails, Since it isn't a bull) whose favourite feed Is munching her own and her neighbours' tails.



smoke cure. After years of fighting against the Smoke Fiend in London, the doctors find that the true Cockney has to be sent to Sheffield to be cured of the evils of pure air.

The new terror for husbands. "Before deciding to adopt a new or a revived style of dress," says a fashion article, "a woman should get her doctor's approval and have a dress



Oh, where is the dairyman bright and bold, Partly journalist, partly vet., Who will write of the things that ought to be told On vaccine and bovine etiquette?—

Who will guide the cows on the milky way Between the dairy and milkmaids' pails, And warn the ignorant beasts that they Won't get us to swallow such Celtic tales?

HAVING A STONE LUCKY FOR A WOMAN, UNLUCKY FOR A MAN.



SHOWING THE KOH-I-NOOR IN THE CENTRE OF THE CROSS ABOVE THE BROW: THE QUEEN'S CROWN,

WITH THE DIAMOND OF WHICH IT IS SAID "WHO HOLDS THE KOH-I-NOOR HOLDS INDIA."

The most interesting ornament of the crown to be worn by the Queen at the Coronation Durbar is the Koh-i-Noor, which was worn by an Indian Emperor so long as five thousand years ago, passed from ruler to ruler, and at last fell into the hands of the English, who sent it to Queen Victoria. It is said of the stone, "who holds the Koh-i-Noor holds India," and it is further said that if the diamond be worn by a man misfortune will come to the wearer, but that if it be worn by a woman it will bring her good fortune for the rest of her days. Belief in this story is such that when King Edward VII. intended to have the gem set in his crown, a number of leading Indians petitioned him not to do so. Consequently, the Koh-i-Noor was set in Queen Alexandra's crown. From there it was transferred to the crown Queen Mary wore at her Coronation and will wear at the Durbar. The Koh-i-Noor is seen in the centre of the cross above the brow. Our reproduction is made by the courtesy of Messrs. Garrard and Co., of Albemarle Street, W., the famous jewellers and goldsmiths to the Crown. [Copyright photograph of the "Illustrated London News."]

Garrard and Co., of Albemarle Street, W., the famous jewellers and goldsmiths to the Crown.



BY E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

More Adaptations.

The fond people who believe in the present as well as in the future of the British dramatist must be getting a little disconcerted by the flood of adaptations; perhaps they forget the simple process of the manager's mind.

A play appeals successfully to the Parisians, who are very different in ideas and feelings from ourselves, therefore it is bound to please Londoners—Q.E.D.; so it is preferable to present it—materially altered—in the form of an adaptation, to giving a new and original work by an English author. "Dad" and "The Glad Eye" are the latest importations, and the titles are not encouraging, since the one suggests treachery and the other boisterous farce. However, "Dad" is not treachery sentiment: it is only fair to say promptly that the play adapted by Captain John Kendall, otherwise the entertaining "Dum Dum," and apparently adapted very well, is by no means sentimental. Indeed, in the hands of a severe dramatist it would probably be called sordid by some of us. We see a man of fifty cutting out his own son, and winning his betrothed from him. The matter is so handled as not to be painful or unpleasant, chiefly because the authors,

who have shirked a good deal, are at pains to show that the son is not injured—that, in fact, he has fallen out of love with his betrothed and wants to marry someone else. So the play rather suggests the idea of a man who has a steam-hammer constructed exclusively for the purpose of cracking nuts. The son is made illegitimate; this ought to be a matter of importance, but is not, and absolutely nothing turns upon the fact that father and son are competitors for the hand of Georgina. The case might just as well be one of an elderly beau cutting out a perfect stranger. Still, the audience found much to laugh at, and one scene, beautifully acted by Miss Alexandra Carlisle, was quite touching. Mr. Cyril Maude acted very well as the middle-aged philanderer, and Mr. Kenneth Douglas gave a remarkably able performance as the natural son. There was no little merit in the work of Miss Vera Coburn, Miss Hemingway, and Messrs. Beveridge and Sam Sothern.

"The Glad Eye."

This farce is another importation from France. "Le Zèbre" was its original name, and its authors were MM. Armant and Nancey. The Zebra referred to was a dirigible balloon, which a couple of husbands found useful when they wanted to spend a few days in Paris. They had no acquaintance with the balloonist, and had never been in the air, but ballooning served as a pretext for absence. A suspicious wife laid a trap for them by calling in a detective, who pretended to be the balloonist. To him they confided their trick; and, seeing him in Paris, they returned home one evening only to discover from the papers that they were supposed to be drifting out to sea, or across Belgium. Therefore, there was much dodging behind curtains and running up and down stairs and hearty lying, and so on, some of which

was funny, whilst all of it proved extremely popular. Mr. Lawrence Grossmith, one lying husband, was the most prominent figure, and made a great success of his part. Mr. Marsh Allen, as the other, was full of energy. Miss Ethel Dane played very cleverly as the lady whose "glad eye" formed one of the attractions in Paris; and there was a father-in-law addicted to spiritualism who was represented with some humour by Mr. E. Dagnall. There have been worse French farces, and there have been better. This one was much approved by the audience, and it may be a success.

Mr. Zangwill's Play. If good intentions counted as success, "The War God" would enjoy a huge triumph, for we had three hours and a half of the very best intentions, but, alas! not of the very best, or even of very good, drama. Some will even

pretend that "The War God" is not drama at all, but mere stage pamphleteering: with this I do not agree. The work is legitimate enough as drama, yet lacks the glow of inspiration necessary to enliven a daring work in an unusual form. Let us respect the courage of a distinguished author who ventures to present a drama of the world-politics of to-day, with characters such as Bismarck and Tolstoy, written in blank verse—in blank verse used sometimes necessarily about mere bread-and-butter matters, and uttered by all sorts of people, including a converted Jew secretary in a frock-coat. This verse is a very heavy burden on the play. One sympathises sincerely with Mr. Zangwill in his endeavour to use the stage as a means of giving popularity to Tolstoy's doctrine of peace, and all must admire the honesty with which he tries to set out fairly every side of the question—to be fair to the blood-and-iron Chancellor who regards war as a blessing hardly disguised, and to the Anarchists who murder Tolstoy because his doctrines of non-resistance are inimical to their plans. To blend such big matters and weave them into a coherent living drama might tax the skill of the greatest playwright, and it has been beyond the art of Mr. Zangwill, whose play sometimes hangs fire, whose characters do not seem real, whose vast project appears small, owing to the curious dwarfing power of the stage. He has at least written some powerful passages, and provided several good acting parts. Sir Herbert has rarely created a greater impression than by his poetic performance in the Tolstoy character, which he rendered with admirable

dignity and restraint. Mr. Arthur Bouchier was quite at his best in the Bismarck part, in which, by means of many fine touches, he gave a striking picture. Miss Lillah McCarthy acted very ably as the militant Anarchist, but the character is shadowy. Miss Laura Cowie was charming as the young Queen, and Mr. Gerald Lawrence's work as the converted Jew was of much merit.



"THE WAR GOD," AT HIS MAJESTY'S: MR. CHARLES MAUDE AS THE KING OF GOTHIA.



"THE WAR GOD," AT HIS MAJESTY'S: MISS LILLAH MCCARTHY AS THE LADY NORNA.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.



"THE WAR GOD," AT HIS MAJESTY'S: MR. J. H. BARNES AS THE DUKE OF POMBERG.

JEUNE PREMIER v. JOURNALIST; AND ALL-BLACK THIEVES.



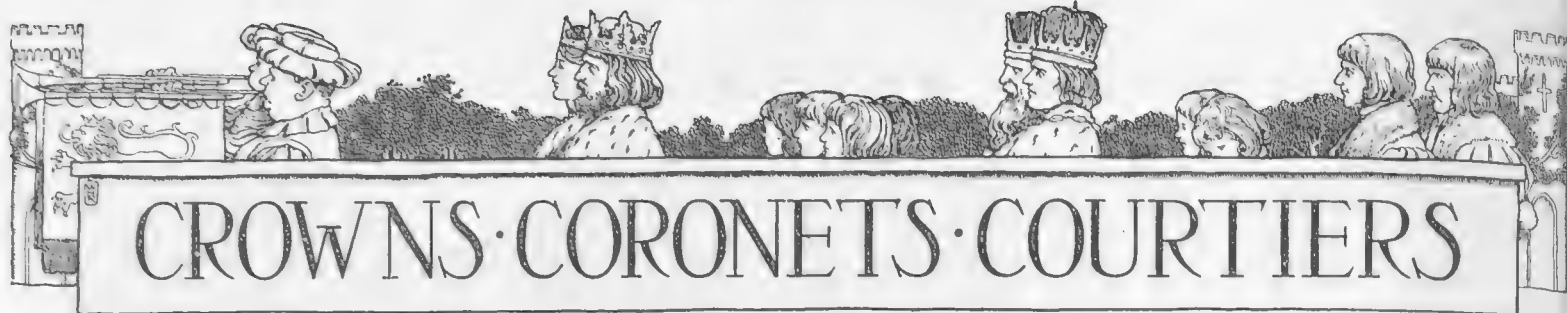
THE JEUNE PREMIER DUEL: MM. LE BARGY AND HENRI MALHERBE FIGHTING IN THE PARC DES PRINCES, NEAR AUTEUIL.

A duel with swords was fought last week by M. Le Bargy, the well-known actor, famous as a jeune premier, and M. Henri Malherbe, a journalist on the Parisian illustrated newspaper "Excelsior," who, M. Le Bargy said, had insulted him in a published letter. M. Le Bargy received a scratch on the wrist, and wounded his opponent twice in the arm. From the second wound inflicted by the actor's sword there was considerable loss of blood, and the combat came to an end. In the photograph (from left to right, and excluding the figure in the foreground) are seen M. Malherbe, M. R. Trebor, M. Joseph Renaud, M. Le Bargy, and the doctor.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



A PRINCE AND A LADY AS THIEVING SHADOWS: THE STEALING EXPEDITION OF A MAN AND A WOMAN DRESSED IN BLACK TIGHTS SO THAT THEY MAY NOT BE SEEN IN THE DARKNESS—IN THE FARCE "DIE VERGNÜGUNGREISE" ("THE PLEASURE TRIP") AT THE LUSTSPIELHAUSE, BERLIN.

All the action of the farce takes place either on railway platforms or in a train. The most curious incident is that which shows a Persian Prince and a French woman, dressed in black, tights so that they may move as shadows through the darkness and steal from their fellow-passengers in the sleeping-car.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

SUCH conundrums as "Why does Sumurun?" are no longer in vogue, however admirable may be the answers one can never remember. But from time to time certain questions, of rather graver import, sweep the board. With the first news of Mr. Balfour's retirement came the query as to King George's attitude towards it. Does a Leader of Opposition—a Leader of Opposition to his Majesty's Government—consult the Sovereign before resigning? Within the realms of courtesy there is but one answer, and King George did not first learn from the tape the Tory Party's loss of its leader.

The Other House. King George and Mr. Balfour were under the same roof on the eve of the Conservative Leader's resignation. Covent Garden, indeed, has been this season particularly a place of memorable meetings. What gay encounters could not Pavlova have witnessed in the auditorium if she had not been consuming her own tremendous and splendid energies in dances of almost blinding tumult! On the night in question Queen Mary and the Queen of Norway were with the King in the royal box; the Russian Ambassador,

audiences have not waited for the excuses of a fancy-dress gathering to seize upon the garments that most snugly fit the æsthetics of the moment. Mrs. Brown-Potter's turban, when, not many nights ago, she entered a box in the picturesque company of Baroness de Meyer, twisted all eyes from the stage.



MR. GEORGE A. LLOYD, M.P., AND THE HON. BLANCHE LASCELLES, WHOSE WEDDING WAS ARRANGED TO TAKE PLACE ON THE 13TH, AT ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER.

Miss Blanche Lascelles, who was a Maid of Honour to Queen Alexandra, is a daughter of the Hon. Frederick Lascelles, brother of the Earl of Harewood. Mr. George Lloyd is M.P. (Unionist) for the West Division of Staffordshire. He has travelled widely in the East, and is an authority on Eastern questions.

Photographs by Beresford and Lafayette.

Romance Names. When Rossetti chose, for their glamour and gentleness, the titles of Lady Mary's five hand-maidens—"whose names are five sweet symphonies," Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen, Margaret, and Rosalys—he was in no wise making a list of his neighbours' daughters. The Albertas, Victorias, Charlottes, Sophias, and such like he did not care to put into a book. But a great change has come over the naming of girls, and to-day he could have done no better than seek introductions to the damsels of a tea-party. Among Miss Charlotte Little's eight bridesmaids on Saturday, for instance, a poet might easily find his five symphonies. They were—Ursula (Talbot), Diana (Duncombe), Maureen (Stewart), Peggy (Brocklehurst), Eleanor (Montgomery), Cynthia (Beckett), and Iris (Lamb). And the names which the new



THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

LORD MORLEY.

TO EXERCISE CERTAIN OF THE EXECUTIVE FUNCTIONS OF THE CROWN DURING THE KING'S ABSENCE IN INDIA: THE MEMBERS OF THE COMMISSION WHICH THE PREMIER ANNOUNCED WOULD BE APPOINTED BY ORDER IN COUNCIL.

In reply to a question in the House of Commons the other day, Mr. Asquith said that provision would be made by Order in Council for delegating the exercise of certain of the executive functions of the Crown during the King's absence in India. The persons named in the Commission would be H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor (Lord Loreburn), and the Lord President of the Council (Lord Morley).—[Photographs by Elliott and Fry, Downey, Mayall, and Beresford.]

the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, the Duke of Marlborough, the Countess of Drogheda, Lady Elcho, and Lady Marjorie Manners were there, too, with Mr. Balfour and his secret in their midst. Circumstances for the time being are marring the musical season of the most musical of St. James's Ambassadors. Neither Italy's representative nor Turkey's risks a meeting at Covent Garden, or hazards the unhallowed experience of learning, in the middle of an evening's entertainment, that his country's arms have met with serious reverses.

Arabian Nights. All nights have been Arabian nights since "Sumurun" and "Kismet" came to town, but the one Arabian Night in a thousand will be the night of the great Covent Garden Ball. The Duchess of Sutherland, Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, Lady Horner, and Mrs. Asquith have already given their names to the scheme; and other ladies have been chosen leaders of the processions that will circle round about under the admiring boxes. Covent Garden

Lady Leconfield's maids called one another at the wedding of last Wednesday were no less romantic and melodious—Dorothy, Blanche, Margaret, Mary, Diana, and Kathleen.



TO MARRY MR. ALFRED LAURENCE COVERNTON: MISS OLIVE HELENA LOVE.

Miss Love is the second daughter of Dr. William Love, of Myddelton House, Hoddesdon, Herts. Mr. Covernton is Principal of Elphinstone College, Bombay. The wedding was arranged to take place about the middle of this month.

Photograph by Swaine.

TO MARRY LIEUT. CECIL JAMES CROCKER, R.N., ON THE 18TH: MISS MARJORY PERCEVAL.

Miss Marjory Perceval is the younger daughter of Sir Westby Perceval, K.C.M.G., and Lady Perceval, of Southdown, Wimbledon. Lieutenant Crocker, who is serving on his Majesty's yacht "Alexandra," is the son of Mr. A. W. Crocker, of Hove.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

Husbanded Ambitions. Mr. Whitelaw Reid's Scottish successes illustrate at once his own ancestry and his astonishing youth. The American Ambassador married when he was forty-four (at which time he visited London), so that Mr. Choate—the Choate of a thousand anecdotes of seeming antiquity—has a considerable start of him in the matter of a golden wedding. Mr. Choate is but five years his senior, and yet is now celebrating the event for which Mr. Reid must wait another twenty years: "which gives me the chance," observes the Ambassador, "of achieving one of the ambitions of my life—that is, of matching for my wife the compliments you have paid yours." The best-known of these is Mr. Choate's unhesitating answer to the query as to what man he would care to be if he was not Mr. Choate—"Mrs. Choate's second husband."

THE WEALTHIEST OF STARS: THE SOLOIST TO H.I.M. THE TSAR.



*At Covent Garden: A Russian Dancer
of Exceptional Fame.*

HOLDER OF A POSITION WHICH IS UNIQUE: MME. MATILDA KRZESZINSKA.

Mme. Krzeszinska, who was announced to make her first appearance at Covent Garden on Monday last, holds a unique position amongst Russian dancers. She is the only woman with the title "Soloist to H.I.M. the Tsar," and she used to take the leading part in every ballet in the Imperial Theatre of St. Petersburg. She is only seen now when the Tsar honours the theatre with his presence, or when it is her own wish to appear. She possesses a fortune in jewels, and is described as the wealthiest woman on the stage. Three ballets new to London are being put on at Covent Garden for her—"Le Dieu Bleu," "Narcisse," and "Le Lac des Cygnes." Attention may be drawn to the fact that the upper photograph shows Mme. Krzeszinska sewing the ribbons on her dancing-shoes, a task which she always performs herself. She rests the whole day before making an appearance.



STAR TURNS



Mlle. NAPIERKOWSKA.

THE blood of many nations runs in the veins of Mlle. Napierkowska, the latest star at the Palace Theatre. Her father is a Russian, her mother is a Frenchwoman; one of her grandmothers was a Hindu, and others of her forebears were Italian, Turkish, and Caucasian. She herself was born in Constantinople, and was educated, artistically at all events, in Paris. That artistic education took place in the school attached to the Paris Opera House. As a pupil of the school she often appeared on the stage of the Opera, although, necessarily, in very unimportant parts. While she remained at the Opera she had to devote herself to the conventional forms of classical dancing. It was a decided irk to her, and she longed for some more personal method of expressing the emotions which music awoke in her. At length she broke away from these classical conventions, as every visitor to the Palace has observed during the week and odd days which have elapsed since her début there. If she does not dance on her toes like other Russian dancers, it is not because she cannot, but because she will not.

Young as she is—she is only eighteen—she has already formulated very definite ideas on the subject of dancing as well as the limitations which environ the art. Thus, while many dancers are taking classical music and dancing to it, she does not believe it possible for all forms of music to be danced to, although the emotions it inspires may be expressed in pantomime. It is the emotional expression of music which has always fascinated her. Her greatest delight is to improvise dances, especially to the improvising of a skilled musician, so that the two arts come into being, as it were, at the same moment. A striking example of her talent in this direction was given on an occasion when she attended a large party. The guests asked her to improvise on the idea of a butterfly just emerging into life out of the chrysalis stage, and she did it with great success. When doing such improvising she, naturally, never knows from one moment to the next what she is going to do, but is swayed entirely by the feeling of the moment. If, therefore, she were to dance to the same music on another occasion, while she would give expression to the same feeling, it would be with different combinations of steps. In other words, she would resemble the actor who plays the same part in a somewhat different way, according to the mood in which he happens to be.

After a year at the Paris Opera, she was engaged for the Opéra Comique, where she made her début as a soloist. She first attracted attention in "Alceste" and "Iphigenia in Aulis," and followed it up with notable successes in "The Marriage of Telemachus," "Queen Fiammetta," "Aphrodite," "Negourotchka" (by Rimsky-Korsakoff), as well as in the ballet of "Lakmé," which was rearranged in accordance with her ideas. Last year the ballet "Lucioles," which was written specially for her, revealed her in an entirely new light. Until then she had appeared in Oriental and "character" dances. In this, however, she appeared as a gay and comic—in fact, eccentric—dancer, in the character of a black pierrot.

Mlle. Napierkowska's appearance in each new character added to her popularity. The result was that whenever ballets and operas were produced at the other theatres, the managers were

anxious to secure her services. Whenever it was possible, M. Carré, the manager of the Opéra Comique, acceded to their request. In this way Mlle. Napierkowska often danced at the Odéon, under the management of M. Antoine, on the same evening as she danced at the Opéra Comique. Over and over again, the entr'acte at the Odéon has had to be protracted for a quarter of an hour or more, to enable her to arrive at the theatre. When she was appearing at the two theatres, the stage-doorkeeper of the second used to stand on the watch for the appearance of the motor-car in which she went from one to the other. As soon as he saw it he had to notify the manager, that the performance might be started without further delay. Even under those conditions there was always an understudy, dressed in a replica of Mlle. Napierkowska's costume, standing waiting in the wings to go on if she was inadvertently delayed.

As accidents happen even to the best regulated motor-cars, Mlle. Napierkowska used often to ride in one and be accompanied by another, into which she could jump without loss of time in the event of an emergency. Happily, however, the services of the second car were never called into requisition.

How the artistic temperament can triumph over accidents was vividly demonstrated one night at the Odéon. Through some unexplained carelessness, some tacks were left on the stage. As Mlle. Napierkowska danced, one of them entered her foot. Instead of stopping, as most people would have done, she went on dancing. So much verve did she put into her performance that night that she made a greater success than usual—a fact which was recorded by the newspapers as well as by the audience.

The two dances in which she has undoubtedly made her greatest triumphs are "The Dance of Fire" and "The Dance of the Bee." The former was an incidental dance in a five-act play called "Antar," by M. Chekri Ganem, a French-Arabian, for which incidental music was selected from the work of Rimsky-Korsakoff.

This dance illustrates the sacrifice of a victim. Mlle. Napierkowska was asked to hear the music with a view to making some suggestions as to how she would treat it. She went to the theatre, the music was played, she went on the stage, and there and then improvised the dance, which has remained in the same form since that day. It is, it need hardly be said, entirely different from the fire-dance of any other dancer. It does not seek to get the effect of flames, like the fire-dance of Miss Loie Fuller or La Pia. On the contrary, Mlle. Napierkowska's fire-dance shows the effect of fire on the body of the victim, and it finishes with her limbs all contorted and strained, as they would be after such an ordeal.

It was her success in this which stimulated M. Chekri Ganem to say to her, "If you can find a manager to produce it, I will write you a ballet." Mlle. Napierkowska approached the manager of the Folies Bergères, who jumped at the idea. The composer was forthcoming in another French-Arabian, M. Louis Ganne, the well-known composer of "Le Père de la Victoire," "La Marche Lauraine," "Saltimbanque," "Phryne," etc. This ballet was

called "Les Ailes." It is based on an Arabian legend, and all the music is Arabian in character. In it occurs "The Dance of the Bee," which, like "The Dance of Fire," is in the Palace programme.



THE AUTHOR OF "DAD," AT THE PLAYHOUSE: CAPTAIN JOHN KENDALL ("DUM DUM").

Captain Kendall introduces his excellent adaptation of MM. Armand de Caillavet and Robert de Flers' "Papa" with the following lines descriptive of the trend of the comedy:

"Youth is foolish, years are sage,"
So the bards have sung;
Men there are that never age,
Others can't be young;
There have been occasions when
Fathers were the younger men.



THE YOUNG OLD MAN: MR. CYRIL MAUDE AS SIR JOSEPH LORRIMER, Bt., IN "DAD," AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

Mr. Cyril Maude's Sir Joseph is one of the best of the many excellent things he has done, and is a capital representation of the type of man who is young till the day of his death.

A Garden Guide : Horticultural Hints.



VII.—WATERING THE ROOTS OF THE TRAGOPOGON BRACCIALIS PORRIFOLIUS ARBORESCENS
DURING THE DRY SEASON.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

GAME BIRDS!



THE KEEPER: Buck up, yer little slacker, and fly. Do you want to get me the sack after all me kindness to yer?

DRAWN BY HESKETH DAUBENY.



THE FIRST NOVICE: How many have you taken?

THE SECOND NOVICE: Twenty-four.

THE FIRST NOVICE: Your hole.

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.

WEIGHED AND WANTING.



THE CUSTOMER: Aren't you wasting a good deal of that steak in trimming it?
THE BUTCHER: No, Ma'am. I weighed it first.

DRAWN BY TONY SARG.



OUR UNCANNY WORLD OF UNKNOWN BRAINS.*

THERE was a time when we deemed Macbeth something more than an ordinary coward when the ghastly ghost of Banquo was before his mind's eye: having read Mr. Elliott O'Donnell's remarkable book, we can but sympathise with the tortured nerves that were his. The wonder now is, not that the self-made King of Scotland was not well, and was often, thus, but that he was ever in sane mood, a man. For, says Mr. O'Donnell, "unknown brains exist on all sides of us. Many of them are the earth-bound spirits of those whose spiritual or unknown brains, when on the earth, were starved to feed their material or known brains . . . It is the unknown brain that produces those manifestations usually attributed to ghosts; and it is, more often than not, the possessors of the unknown brain in constant activity—i.e., the denizens of the superphysical world—who convey to our organs of hearing, either by suggestion or actual presentation, the sensations of uncanny knocks, crashes, shrieks, etc.; and to our organs of sight, all kinds of uncanny, visual phenomena. All the phenomena we see are not objective; but the agents who 'will' that we should see them are objective—they are the unknown brains. . . . We are all subject to them, though we do not always see their manifestations. Were it not for the lower order of spirit-



BEARING A RESEMBLANCE TO A FLYING MACHINE: THE "AEROPLANE" BEETLE.

Photograph by Schärer.

brains, there would be comparatively few drunkards, gamblers. . . . It is they who excite men's animal senses . . . By the aid of the higher type of spirit-brains (who, contending for ever with the lower forms of spirit-brains, are indeed our 'guardian angels'), I have been enabled to perceive the atmosphere of drinking-dens . . . full of all kinds of bestial influences, from elementals, who allure men by presenting to their minds all kinds of attractive tableaux. . . . At birth, and more particularly at death, the presence of the unknown brain is most marked . . . spirit or unknown brains are frequently present at births. The brains of infants are very susceptible to impressions, and, in them, the thought-germs of the occult brains find snug billets. As time goes on, these germs develop and become generally known as 'tastes,' 'cranks,' and 'manias.' It is an error to think that men of genius are especially prone to manias. On the contrary, the occult brains have the greatest difficulty in selecting thought-germs sufficiently suitable to lodge in the brain-cells of a child of genius. Practically any germ of carnal thought will be sure of reception in the protoplasmic brain-cells of a child who is destined to become a doctor, solicitor, soldier, shopkeeper, labourer, or worker in any ordinary occupation; but the thought-germ that will find entrance to the brain-cells of a future painter, writer, actor, or musician must represent some propensity of a more or less extraordinary nature. We all harbour these occult missiles: we are all to a certain extent mad." There you have it!

Mr. O'Donnell does not speak from hearsay: he is familiar with spirits of all kinds and characters. He has seen shadows

without material counterparts, "super-physical danger-signals, the sure indicators of the presence of those grey, inscrutable, inhuman cerebrums . . . of phantasms of the dead and of elementals of all kinds." He has felt invisible trees; has seen a grandfather's clock "possessed," its frame swaying violently backwards and forwards, and housing a tall, black figure, the elemental spirit of death; knows the occult hooligan, the poltergeist, of a Vagrarian Order of Elemental, who makes manifestations for the sake of causing annoyance by breaking windows, slapping people's cheeks, and generally behaving like stupid devotees of practical joking; believes that trees have spirits; has seen, conjured up before him, monstrous primeval flora; and is aware that there are pixies—"I saw in the tiny plateau beneath, three extraordinary shapes. Standing not more than two feet from the ground, they had the most perfectly proportioned bodies of human beings, but monstrous heads; their faces had a leadish-blue hue, like that of corpses; their eyes were wide open and glassy." More, he has heard the ash cry out, with "one of the most frightful, blood-curdling, heilish sounds;" is aware of the Barrowvian, which delights in lonely places, barrows, and tumuli, or druidical circles, and generally takes the shape of a phantasm of the dead, the prehistoric dead; has been visited by the bodiless heads of dogs; is convinced that vampires are by no means extinct. "I do not think that, as of old, the vampires come to their prey installed in stolen bodies, but that they visit people wholly in spirit form, and, with their superphysical mouths, suck the brain-cells dry of intellect. The baby who is thus the victim of a vampire grows up into something on a far lower scale of intelligence than dumb animals."



FROM MADAGASCAR: A BEETLE WHOSE FORM AND FLIGHT RESEMBLE AN AEROPLANE.

Photograph by Schärer.

He has much lore, too, of were-wolves, fox-women, the candle that is subject to psychic influences, family ghosts, or, as he calls them, clanogrians. The crystal warned him of the approaching death of Lafayette: "When I was concentrating my whole mind on forthcoming events I distinctly saw, in the crystal, a stage with a man standing before the footlights, either speaking or singing. In the midst of his performance a black curtain suddenly fell, and I intuitively realised the theatre was on fire."

An uncanny world: strange that we are not all Macbeths in terror. But do you fear? At least there are some means of protection for you. "In China the sword is generally deemed to have psychic properties, and is often to be seen suspended over a bed to scare away ghosts. Sometimes a horse's tail, a horse being also considered extremely psychic,

or a rag dipped in the blood from a criminal's head are used for the same purpose. But no matter how many, or how varied, the precautions we take, ghosts will come, and nothing will drive them away. The only protection I have ever found to be of any practical value in preventing them from materialising is a powerful light. As a rule, they cannot stand *that*, and whenever I have turned a pocket-flashlight on them, they have at once dematerialised. . . ."

We are going to buy a pocket-flashlight before it is dark!



A RELIC OF THE ROMAN OCCUPATION OF TRIPOLI TURNED TO STRANGE USE: AN ANCIENT ROMAN BUILDING IN TRIPOLI, WHICH IS NOW A PICTURE PALACE.

* "Byways of Ghostland." By Elliott O'Donnell. (William Rider. 3s. 6d. net.)

Sport — Through the Quarry's Eyes.



IV. — BRINGING DOWN AN OLD BIRD.

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.



BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

By F. HARRIS DEANS.

"SEEMS to me," said Mr. Small, with some bitterness, "it's either work or starve." He was a tall, angular man, with an air of meekness wholly alien to his nature. Save for an expression of patient endurance, which was permanent, his face seldom displayed emotion. He would sit, beneath the most savage vilification, apparently lost in thought, until at a word from his comrade, Jack Walters, he would shamble to his feet and give battle with a ruthless ferocity that would appal the most stout-hearted opponent. The battle o'er, he would wait, with a slightly helpless air, for further instructions.

He had the curious knack of never looking as if he belonged to whatever group in which he happened to be standing. He was a great reader, and within his limitations, a really studious man, yet in his rare conversation he always conveyed the impression that he read the encyclopædia for his news, and the newspaper for his facts.

He was a heavy smoker of self-made cigarettes—which, despite constant practice, invariably resembled paper parcels; these he held amateurishly between his finger and thumb; and he expectorated so unceasingly that ten minutes in the same place was sufficient to make him, geographically, an island.

He had few positive vices, and fewer virtues.

His bosom friend and leader, Jack Walters, was a short, rotund, red-faced man, of an aggressive disposition. By some miracle of shaving he always managed to preserve a three days' growth of hair on his face. He was a non-smoker; a poet of intense sentiment; made friends upon absolutely no provocation, and enemies with less. He was a born leader, having that confidence in himself which no reverse could destroy. His memory, if somewhat untrustworthy as regards defeat, made ample atonement by the more than exactitude with which it dwelt on triumphs.

When Mr. Small spoke, he was lying on his back on the bed, staring thoughtfully at the ceiling.

"Wossay?" he demanded.

"Ow kin you call it living in a free country," said Mr. Small, paraphrasing his earlier remark, "when you can't even get tick?"

"Shurrup!" growled his friend. "Ain't *one* meal at a time enough for you. Can't you eat to-day's dinner without 'aving to-morrow's going rotten in the cupboard?"

Mr. Small, having laboriously rolled a cigarette, which burnt with a flare until it reached the hump of tobacco in the centre and then went out, gave a dissatisfied grunt.

"Eas'er said than done," he grumbled—"not worry!" He fidgeted at his ragged moustache for a while. "I bin brought up used to a bit 'o dinner on Christmas Day," he burst out sentimentally; "I shall miss it."

"That's the wust o' being brought up respec'able," reflected Mr. Walters—"you miss wot you haven't got." He gave a sudden splutter. "And there's always somebody misses wot we *have* got," he added humorously.

"Wish I knew somebody as 'ad a turkey and one o' them 'arf-guinea hampers of spirits to miss!" said the other yearningly. "'Ere's Christmas Eve, and not a stiver between us."

"You be thankful you've got a roof over your head," said Mr. Walters reprovingly. "You won't have," he added thoughtfully, "once the 'ole girl tries to change that jimmy-o'-goblin I give 'er yes'day. I told her to put it by for her rent."

"A quid—you give 'er a quid! Where'd you get it from?"

"I give that ginger cove—pal o' Nobbler's, ain't he?—the price of a pint for it. It weren't reelly worth it, but we had to get the money for the rent some'ow."

"I thought you mus' have paid 'er, or some'in," remarked Mr. Small reflectively. "She was quite pleasant when I met 'er on the stairs this morning—you might 'ave thought she 'adn't seed me."

"Fust day for five weeks she hasn't bin up and give us notice," mentioned Mr. Walters. "Seems quiet, don't it?"

"Ques'n still is," pointed out his comrade in business-like tones, "worrer'bout to-morrow? How'd it be to go c'lecting for the church waits, like we did last year?"

"It won't be lawful this year," said Mr. Walters regretfully; "'cos they're going to c'lect it theirselves the same evening, instead o' going round next day."

Mr. Small heaved a despairing sigh.

"I'd'no," he said wearily; "seems to me, nowadays, it don't reelly matter whether you want to be honest or not—you don't get no chance to be otherwise." He mused sadly. "How'd it be frus to start opposition waits—me singing and you c'lecting?"

"Why, you can't sing," said Mr. Walters, staring—"kin you?"

"I'd'no—I never tried. Any'ow, it wouldn't matter, 'cos, 'being more of them, they'd sing louder'n me. S'long as you was ahead of them in c'lecting, it wouldn't matter if I was 'eard or not."

"That'd be dishonest," objected Mr. Walters.

"Not if you was quick enough, it wouldn't."

"Yes, it would," persisted Mr. Walters, "spesh'ly as the odds is against me being quick enough. You're a fool that way. You'd rather starve dishonest than grow fat honest."

"No, I wouldn't," demurred the other—"not if I 'ad to starve I wouldn't. I'd be honest all right if I knew 'ow to be."

"I'm going to tell you 'ow to be," said Mr. Walters, "if you'll only listen. The idea come to me last night, when you was asleep and snoring."

"'Ow jer mean—asleep *and* snoring?" cried Mr. Small, indignant at receiving two blows from the same stick, "'ow could I be asleep if I wasn't snoring?"

Mr. Walters ignored this remark.

"You and me's going to form a comp'ny," he said. "Your name's Parker, and mine's Batterson."

"Why them pertic'ler names?"

"Say 'em quick," recommended Mr. Walters, "and you'll see."

"Parker, Batterson," said Mr. Small obediently. "Parker, Batterson. Parker, Batter—"

"I didn't tell you to make a song about it. Goods-carriers we are."

Mr. Small, his lips noiselessly forming their new names, stared in bewilderment.

"Christmas Eve," pursued the company promoter, gazing dreamily at the ceiling, "is nacher'ly our busy night. Everybody's expecting parcels and things then. A peak cap each—knock at the door of a big 'ouse. 'Parker, Batterson,' we says. 'Name o' Muggins? Right. Sign 'ere, please. 'Arf-a-dollar to pay, carriage.'" The echo of a whispered "Batterson" escaped from Mr. Small's wide-opened mouth.

"Ast yourself the ques'n," urged Mr. Walters persuasively. "If Parker, Batterson (said quick) was to bring you a box on Christmas Eve, would you mind 'anding out 'arf a schoolboy's collar, carriage? Nacher'ly you wouldn't."

"Carriers," murmured Mr. Small, who believed in thoroughly assimilating one fact at a time.

"In a small way," put in Mr. Walters modestly.

[Continued overleaf.]

GOLFERS GROTESQUED — BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



VI.—THE VETERANS: BERNARD SAYERS SEN. AND ANDREW KIRKALDY.

When it was announced that Bernard Sayers, born in 1857, and Andrew Kirkaldy, born in 1860, would meet in a match at Sunningdale and Walton Heath on Thursday and Friday of last week, the greatest interest was aroused. To quote the "Sunday Times": "Here we have one big man swinging a comparatively small club very fast, and one little man swinging a very long club fairly slow. Sayers' drive is, indeed, positively gigantic, and it is really wonderful how with this vast club, and in addition the rather obvious forcing tactics which he has to adopt in order to get the length, he should yet hit so steadily and so accurately. Then, too, Sayers is a most interesting player because he is always inventing, not only new clubs, such as Dreadnoughts and Dominies, but new ways of wielding them. His is an ever-youthful spirit; he is always finding out the secret. As for Andrew—he is, of course, a unique character."

"Why—why anybody as knows us wouldn't trust us to 'old a 'orse's 'ead, let alone carry parcels."

"There's more faith in the world than you think for, William," said his friend. "Parker, Batterson (said, as I say, quick), though a comparatively new firm, 'as one old and trusting customer; least-ways 'e's more a friend than a customer, reelly."

"Fust I've 'eard of 'im," remarked Mr. Small, with a somewhat aggrieved air; "'oo is it?"

"Gen'l'man o' the name of John Walters, Esq.," said "alias Batterson."

"Ho," said the other coldly, "I thought you was talking sense."

"So I am. I'm going to the Free Li'bry in a minute to look up the names and addresses of some toffs to 'oom, in my private capacity, I can send a little Christmas offering—per Messrs Parker, Batterson. The bigger the 'ouse, the more the carriage. While I'm doing that, and writing out the labels, you kin go to that bit o' waste ground be'ind Simmonds's, the grocer's, and see 'ow many arf-bricks you kin get into those empty sugar-boxes at the bottom of 'is yard."

He rose with a yawn to his feet.

"And," he said solemnly, "if anybody gives you a tanner for yourself to-night, mind you say 'Thank you.'"

At eleven o'clock that night, two figures might have been observed in earnest confabulation beneath a lamp-post. They were Messrs. Walters and Small engaged in auditing the accounts of Messrs. Parker, Batterson.

"Nineteen shillings," announced Mr. Walters, "which ain't including the tanner I spent on brandy when you dropped that box on my foot."

"I got a couple of 'og, a mince-pie, an' a trac'," said Mr. Small.

"You 'ad a drink at one 'ouse," his friend reminded him.

"I did not," denied Mr. Small heatedly; "I 'ad a glass o' raisin-wine." He shuddered slightly. "That was the 'ouse where we went to by mistake. I 'ope they ain't honest, and don't take the box to the right owners."

"Ah," said Mr. Walters, "them bricks wouldn't be much value for their 'arf-dollar—not unless they was in the building line." He paused, and added thoughtfully: "An' not then, p'raps."

He turned once more to his accounts.

"A guinea," he said ecstatically, "gimme a bob to make up a thick 'un, and you can keep the old 'og. A guinea! That's raking in the clods, ain't it? 'Oo says honesty don't pay?"

"I don't," said Mr. Small fervently—"not after this."

"Pity we don't know a couple of blokes," he went on, as they turned in the direction of home, "with a turkey and such-like, so's we could pal in with them. Seems a waste to spend money on necessities."

"Ah," agreed Mr. Walters, "Nobbler and that ginger-'eaded mate of 'is—'im as I bought that quid of—them'd do."

When they turned the corner they almost fell over two panting figures, seated side by side on a box.

"Wotcher, Nobbler," cried Mr. Walters delightedly, "any luck?"

"Don't ast me," implored the gentleman addressed as Nobbler; "don't ast me, not till I git me bref' back." He gurgled delightedly, and smote his companion heavily between the shoulders. "'Ear that, Ginger mate—'ave we 'ad'ny luck?"

"I wouldn't call it luck," asserted Ginger; "a merracle!"

"Call it wot you like," said Mr. Walters agreeably, "on'y call it something. Don't sit spluttering there; let's 'ear it."

Thus urged, Nobbler, recovering from a spasm of silent laughter, told his story.

"Me and Ginger," he narrated, "was walking along, when I seemed to 'ear a voice saying in me ear-'ole: *Nobbler mate, 'ow'd a turkey go down? 'Not arf it wouldn't,' says I; just like that. Wiv a goose to foller; 'ow'd that do yer, Nobbler, eh, mate? An' a pound of sausage-meat, an' a pudding.*"

"Bin like that ever since," mentioned Ginger in an aside, at once good-humoured and contemptuous; "'ad 'is brain turned by luck, I reck'n."

"Suit me proper it would, I says," continued Nobbler, oblivious of his friend's explanatory diagnosis. "*Right oh!* says the voice."

"You and yer voice!" said Ginger impatiently. "Lemme teil it. We was walking along," he explained, "when Nobbler says 'e knows a 'ouse that's safe for a tanner. A big 'ouse it was,"—he

added, in parenthesis, "I've forgot the number—nine'y something it was. We knocks at the door, and a bloke answers it. 'Hullo,' 'e says, 'are you Pickfords?'"

"It wasn't Pickford," murmured Nobbler pensively; "it was them others."

"Wot's the odds? You keep quiet and 'ave your dream out. 'Pickfords, Sir,' says I, wondering 'oo Pickfords was. 'Ah,' says the old cove, 'found out your mistake, and come for that parcel, 'ave you?' 'E opens the door wide, and we sees a reg'lar Christmas 'amper of a box."

"There's a turkey, a goose, sausage-meat, and a pudding in this box," said Nobbler, in the voice of a seer of visions.

"'Take the dam thing away,' says the old bloke, 'and I want my arf-crown back, wot I paid carriage. Dam blunderin' fools!' 'Earty old chap 'e was. Nacherly, I didn't want asting twice. I up-ends the box on me shoulder. 'Nobbler,' I says, official like, 'refund the gen'l'man 'is money.' As I 'oofs it down the garden path, I 'ear Nobbler sayin' as 'ow 'e 'll 'ave to go and git change, and the next minute 'e comes, all out, after me. If there ain't a 'underweight of stuff in this 'ere,' Ginger wound up, smacking the box triumphantly, 'call me a swede."

"Some people don't arf 'ave luck," said Mr. Walters enviously. "'Ere's me and William bin working our hearts out earning our bit o' scan."

"Working!" cried Ginger indignantly. "If you'd bin running like Nobbler and me, with this bleating box in your arms, you'd know wot *work* was."

"Honest work ours was," interjected Mr. Small, in superior if slightly depressed tones.

"Now you've got it," inquired Mr. Walters, cocking an eye at his friend, "got anywhere to skipper? 'Cos, if you ain't, 'ow'd it be for you and Nobbler to come along to our place? We bin raking in the clods ourselves. We might 'ave Christmas together, you two standing in with your lot, and me and William putting up the drinks."

"Suit me," said Ginger; "'ow about you, Nobbler?"

"I'll 'ave a drumstick and a bit off the breast," murmured Nobbler, rising to his feet and absent-mindedly strolling on ahead of the box. "'Ooever carries my end," he added thoughtfully, over his shoulder, "mind 'e don't drop it."

When they arrived at their lodgings the front door was opened by the landlord himself.

"'Lo," he said thickly, eyeing the party doubtfully, "tharroo two . . . up-upstairs . . . blokes?"

"Brought a coupler friends with us," explained Mr. Walters.

"Ho," said the landlord, with an air of relief, "I *made* it four, on'y . . . knowing like there warrent on'y the two. . . ."

At this moment the landlady appeared breathlessly from the lower regions.

"Now you Bill," she cried shrilly, "give us back that suv'rin."

"T'ell!" said her husband succinctly.

"Ah, it's all right saying that, but 'ow about my rent?" She turned appealingly to her lodgers. "You ain't got change of a suv'rin, I s'pose, Mr. Walters? I ain't got less, and if my ole man once gits out with that, I shan't see it no more."

With an air of affluence, Mr. Walters plunged his hand into his trousers-pocket. "Jes' do it," he said easily. "There you are, Missus. Give us the quid, matey."

"Don't do no 'arm," he observed complacently to Mr. Small, as they led the way upstairs, "to let 'er see when we've got the clods. Keeps 'er quiet whenever we 'appen to be be'ind."

"Where's them pincers, William?" he inquired the next minute, as Nobbler and Ginger placed their burden upon the floor. "All right, I'll get 'em; they're under the bed."

When he rose to his feet with the pincers in his hand, he was amazed at the look of horror on Mr. Small's face.

Turning slowly, he followed the direction of his stare. His jaw dropped as he observed Nobbler and Ginger struggling to open a familiar-looking sugar-box.

"Nobbler said it wasn't Pickford's," groaned Mr. Small faintly.

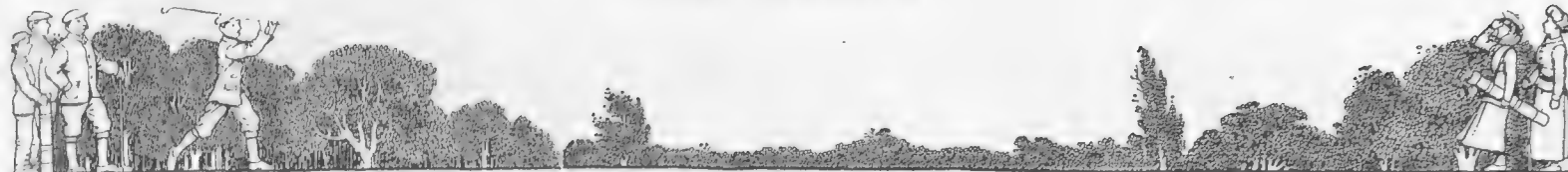
In his consternation, Mr. Walters allowed the sovereign which he still held in his hand to drop to the floor. It fell on the bare boards with a dull thud.

His eyes starting from his head, he pounced upon it.

"Cri," he gasped, "*the thick 'un I bought from Ginger!*"

He gave a roar of rage; and as he did so Nobbler and Ginger tore off the lid of the box and disclosed a top row of bricks.

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

Golf and Mr. Balfour.

The golfer of the moment is Mr. Balfour. There is surely nothing indelicate or frivolous in seizing upon the retirement of the great Conservative leader from the fierce activities of politics for the suggestion that in some measure the noble game with which this page is associated is concerned in the matter. Golf may be "only a game," but it is a great thing in the lives of some great men, and it has been and is—and one hopes still will be for long—such a thing in the life of Mr. Balfour. He pleads that the increasing strain of Parliamentary life is too much for him: it is very certain, then, that it would have been excessive some time since if it had not been for the great pastime which has certainly been one of the pleasures and satisfactions of his life. No doubt for his health's sake, if for no other, he will give more time to it in the future than he has done in the last few years, though no player with such responsibilities and activities in another department of life has been more loyal to the game or more persistent and thorough in his attention to it. He has golfed regularly at all times and in all seasons and weathers. The last time I saw him golfing, not long since, was on a very rainy day at Ranelagh. He was playing his strokes and playing them well, when many others were sheltering.

Mutual Benefits. The game has done something for Mr. Balfour, and he has done very much for golf. He has found in it that deeply contemplative recreation which is so well suited to his philosophical temperament. On the other hand, it is not always realised sufficiently how much he has had to do with what is often called "the golf boom," for it was his enthusiasm and his constant and much-recorded devotion to the game during the last decade of the nineteenth century which chiefly attracted the general public to some consideration of its merits. They felt that there must be something strange and something good in a pastime which could thus gain and absorb the attention of so great and serious a statesman; and they were right. Then Mr. Balfour's influence has helped to give a fine tone to the game. He has the full spirit of its best traditions and dignity within him. He has always treated it very seriously. He has been a golfer now for just about a quarter of a century. It was old Tom Dunn, the great teaching professional and course-architect of the Victorian era, who initiated him into its mysteries and difficulties. Dunn used to say that he found him a splendid pupil at the beginning, and that he knew he would get on at the game. He took the various clubs one by one, and made a thorough study and practice of them before ever he attempted to play any match. It was said that he spent whole sessions at bunker practice in the sand with a niblick.

So when he started match play he soon got his handicap down, and in recent years it has been round about the seven or eight mark, which represents really good average proficiency. He has won the Parliamentary handicap more than once, and only this autumn came nearer than ever before to achieving a golfing distinction which is the most coveted by the general body of players who are not quite good enough to aspire to championship honours; which is to say that at North Berwick, owing to the breakdown of the most formidable competitor, he was within a stroke or two of winning the scratch gold medal in an important club competition. Apart from such contests he has, in the matter of golfing dignities, achieved the highest honours. He has been captain of the Royal and Ancient Club, which is to be President of the great State of Golf, and no other player or person has been captain at different times of so many golf clubs in Britain and on the Continent. It has all been for the good of the game.



THE MOST DISCUSSED OF VETERAN GOLFERS: BERNARD SAYERS SEN, AND ANDREW KIRKALDY.

So soon as it was announced that Bernard Sayers sen., of North Berwick and Monte Carlo, and Andrew Kirkaldy, of St. Andrews, were to meet in a match last week the greatest interest was aroused and the respective chances of the veterans were much discussed. Sayers, who was born at Leith in 1857, was second in the Open Championship in 1888, third in 1889, and sixth in 1896. He has won numerous tournaments, and his records include North Berwick in 70, Bogside in 71, Hedderwick in 64, and Moffat in 66. Kirkaldy, who was born at Denhead in 1860, and served in the 74th (Highland Light Infantry) from 1879 to 1887, and fought at Tel-el-Kebir, was second in the Championship in 1879, 1889, and 1891, and third in 1895. He was the first man to be appointed professional to the Royal and Ancient at St. Andrews. Caricatures of the two players appear elsewhere in this number.—[Photos. by Sport and General.]

though he had not been officially appointed to the office he arrogated to himself, he said it in such a way as to leave no doubt about his fitness and determination. In his later days Crawford kept a ginger-beer tent near the eighth green at North Berwick, and put a flag on the top of it whenever Mr. Balfour was playing. Once when starting a game Mr. Balfour recognised among the caddies waiting with their masters for their turn to start, a boy who had once served him, and spoke a few words to him. "Ye ken how we Conservatives notice ane anither!" the flattered youth observed to another standing by. But a book could be filled with the stories of Balfourian golf. May so much more be played to fill many extra books!



THE LADIES' COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP: ON THE THIRD TEE AT BURNHAM (SOMERSET). The finalists for the Ladies' County Championship, held each year under the auspices of the Ladies' Golf Union, were Cheshire and Sussex. The Cheshire team was successful, beating Sussex by six games to one.—[Photograph by Dixon.]

FRIVOLITIES OF PHRYNETTE

GETTING MARRIED IN FRANCE.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London."

IT is not good for *woman* to be alone—the English nation is so well imbued with this Evangelical half-truth that it is in England much easier and quicker for any man to secure a wife than a seat at a favourite musical comedy. Hence so many cases

of desertion, separation, divorce, bigamy. The French fall into the contrary extreme. Marriage with them is such a slow, complicated, expensive, and elaborate affair that one may wonder, not at the number of *unions libres*, but at the number of legal ties among the

will be at home and charmed to make M. Durand, Mme. Durand, and Monsieur their son's acquaintance?

And now it is the turn of M. Martin to collect evidence about the other side, and, being satisfied, the young people are at last allowed to meet each other in the presence of their parents—*cela va sans dire*. They like each other, still in the presence, etc.; they pledge each other, still in the presence—the marriage is decided! Then Mlle. Martin's grandmother and her fiancé's great-aunt are duly informed. The grandmother comes up from the country to inspect the *du*, and give her frank—very frank—opinion of him. Should she not approve there would be tears, a postponement, perhaps a rupture—France is the country of all countries where the fifth commandment is strictly observed. But I like my young friend M. Durand junior and his girl fiancée, so we will make grand-mamma give her consent at once, shall we not?

Now, for the next three months there will be such a glad turmoil for everyone concerned, except M. Martin! Once the private arrangements are amicably and satisfactorily ended, the real difficulties—legal obstacles, red-tape delays—begin with a vengeance. Fortunately for our Durand junior, both his parents and those of his fiancée have given their willing consent. Had any of them proved recalcitrant, three different summonses, called, humorously enough, *sommations respectueuses*, would have to be served on the disobliging parent, each notice following the other at regular and fixed intervals. In the case of the happy pair we are discussing, all that is needed is merely the consent in writing of the father and mother of each swain, together with their marriage certificates, and the respective birth certificates of the fiancés. The religious ceremony



MOTHER OF THE BRIDE: MRS. WILLIAM COTTON, AS SHE APPEARED AT THE WEDDING OF HER DAUGHTER, MISS LILY ELSIE.

Miss Lily Elsie, now Mrs. Ian Bullough, is the daughter of the late William Thomas Cotton, theatrical manager. Her mother was, of course, at the wedding. Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

poor and busy working-classes. Let us take the case of my young friend Monsieur Durand. M. Durand is a good middle-class *parti*, a steady young man, *employé au Ministère*, of a rather agreeable physique, who has been most carefully brought up by his parents, with whom he lives. M. Durand, who goes to church every Sunday, has noticed there a certain young lady whose attractions have converted him from bachelorhood. All he knows of her is her address (for he has followed her and her mother regularly after service for the last six months), and her name, Martin, which is on the door-plate—nothing more! This state of things might have lasted for ever, for Mlle. Martin never goes out alone; but M. Durand is so sure of his parents' love for him that he decides to take them into his confidence and ask their advice—follows a family council.

Next Sunday, Mme. Durand goes to church with her son in order to study and scrutinise her possible daughter-in-law. "Yes; she seems a nice girl, and very *comme il faut*," is the verdict which the dutiful son has been waiting for with a beating heart. Next step, M. Durand senior takes the lead, and conducts close and multiple inquiries as to the girl's parents, their social standing, and their income. The gods are propitious to Durand junior—everything is satisfactory. So one day Mme. Durand attires herself in her best silk, M. Durand senior dons his frock-coat and his top-hat, and both, accompanied by the eager wishes of their enamoured son, call ceremoniously on Mme. Martin. Mme. Martin is very much honoured—will M. Durand, Mme. Durand, and Monsieur their son do her the pleasure of calling again on such a day, when M. Martin



WITH HER TWO DAUGHTERS, PRINCESSES MARIE AND KIRA: THE GRAND DUCHESS CYRIL OF RUSSIA.

The Grand Duchess was Princess Victoria of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. Her first husband was the Grand Duke of Hesse. This marriage was dissolved. In October, 1905 her Highness married the Grand Duke Cyril Vladimirovitch of Russia. Her daughter Princess Marie was born in 1907; Princess Kira was born in 1909.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

is invariably preceded by the legal marriage—the only one valid—at the town hall, both marriages generally taking place at a day's interval. I wish M. Durand junior and his little wife a lifelong happiness. Should they, however, be also attacked by the modern epidemic of "incompatibility," they may perhaps seek relief in a divorce; but I very much doubt if bigamy would tempt them—one French marriage ceremony should prove enough for a whole lifetime!



WITH HER ONLY CHILD, MASTER CHRISTOPHER DE BATHE: MRS. PATRICK DE BATHE.

Photograph by Bassano.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

Engines at the Show.

With the exception of the Argyll Single Sleeve, the Darracq, and the Itala engines, the great exhibition of motor-cars and their accessories which closed its doors at Olympia on Saturday night last cannot be said to have been remarkable for anything very much out of the ordinary, save all-round improvement in detail. Although many makers still adhere to cylinders cast in pairs, one or two still sticking to singles, there was a distinct increase in the number of those who have adopted the *en bloc* principle, particularly for the smaller models. Many of these castings are marvels of foundry work, and one wonders at times not only how they can be cored, but how the cores are extracted after the casting has cooled. Efforts were made on every side to do away with exterior piping, the water, induction, and exhaust passages being frequently cast in the cylinder *bloc*. So far as results in water-cooling the exhaust, this is good practice; but it must make some of these castings extremely complicated. The opposed valve-chamber engine is rapidly dying out, valves on the left, with valves and tappets enclosed, being almost universal. There were a few examples of engines with overhead inlet-valves, but not many. In the important matter of lubrication, the tendency is to force oil to the main bearings and big ends and to troughs across the bottom of the crank-chamber.



AN AIRMAN WHO SECURED HIS "BREVET" BY FLIGHT ON A 50-H.P. GNOME-ENGINED MONOPLANE: CAPTAIN E. B. LORAINÉ, OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS.

It has been the practice for pupils to make the flights entitling them to certificates on special "school" machines built for low speeds. In Captain Lorainé's case a departure was made, and he flew on a 50-h.p. Gnome-engined Valkyrie monoplane having a speed of a mile a minute.—[Photograph by Topical.]

engines with overhead inlet-valves, but not many. In the important matter of lubrication, the tendency is to force oil to the main bearings and big ends and to troughs across the bottom of the crank-chamber.

Back Axles, Brakes, and Wheels.

Worm-drive, particularly overhead worm-drive, is certainly on the increase, and when the latter is fitted, the propeller-shaft is kept as nearly level as possible when the car is loaded, so that the wear on the universal joint is reduced to the minimum. Wire-built and pressed-steel detachable wheels are growing in popularity, particularly the Rudge-Whitworth wire and the Sankey pressed-steel wheel. The latter is certain to increase in favour by reason of the ease with which it is cleaned and its suitability for Colonial models. There is a tendency to follow American practice in the matter of brakes by causing both those applied by pedal and those applied by side-lever to take effect upon the back-wheel brake-drums. In some cases they apply externally side by side, and in others the pedal-brake is of the internally expanding, the side-lever-applied brake of the externally gripping, variety. But the gear-shaft brake is very largely retained, and having regard to its power, by reason of being geared down equal to the ratio of the back-axle drive, I think it is preferable, though not so correct mechanically.

Clutches and Gear-Boxes. There is a distinct tendency to return to the simple form of leather-faced cone-clutch, but generally with some form of spring device beneath the leather to cause the clutch to take up softly and sweetly upon first engaging. Many makers, however, retain the multi-disc clutch, and when this is properly made and

proportioned to the work it has to do, it is hard to beat. In a few cases triple-disc clutches like the De Dion were found, and in one the central disc was of fibre. Where the motor-unit system is not adopted, more or less flexible joints of some kind or another, are cleverly introduced between the clutch and gear-shafts, not only to preserve both from frame-torsion, but to make the dismantling of the clutch an easy job. With the exception of making gear-boxes shorter and the shafts stiffer, the gear-box remains very much where it was, except that the fitting of four speeds is, very properly, on the increase, particularly for small, low-powered cars. Naked double-jointed propeller-shafts obtain largely, while many of these shafts run in tubular casings, which are frequently made to serve as torque and thrust members.

The Small Arrol-Johnston.

One of the lately introduced small cars which attracted much attention at Olympia was the 119-h.p. Arrol-Johnston, which may truly be described as a big car in little. The frame in this natty model is both parallel and flat, the engine being supported on the inwardly flared under-flanges of the side-members. The cylinders are cast in pairs, 69 mm. bore and 120 mm. stroke—a proportion of stroke to bore which should make for good dwelling pulling on top speed on long hills. The bonnet and radiator follow the accepted Arrol-Johnston lines, the engine being cooled by thermo-siphon circulation, so doing away with the pump and the power necessary to drive it. The water-leads to and from the water-jackets are of unusually large diameter. The valves are all on the left-hand side of the engine, and are enclosed by neat, detachable covers. The cam-shaft is driven from the crank-shaft by a silent chain provided with easy means of adjustment. The Eisemann magneto is kept high up on the left of the engine, and is driven on the same spindle as the oil-pump. This pump forces the oil to the crank-shaft bearings, and through the drilled crank-shaft to the big ends. It also keeps the transverse troughs in the bottom of the crank-chamber charged with oil, into which the dippers on the end of the connecting-rods dip at every revolution. A three-disc clutch transmits the drive to the four-speed gear-box. The propeller-shaft runs in a crutch-headed torque column. It will thus be seen that this little car presents all the material attributes of its bigger brothers.

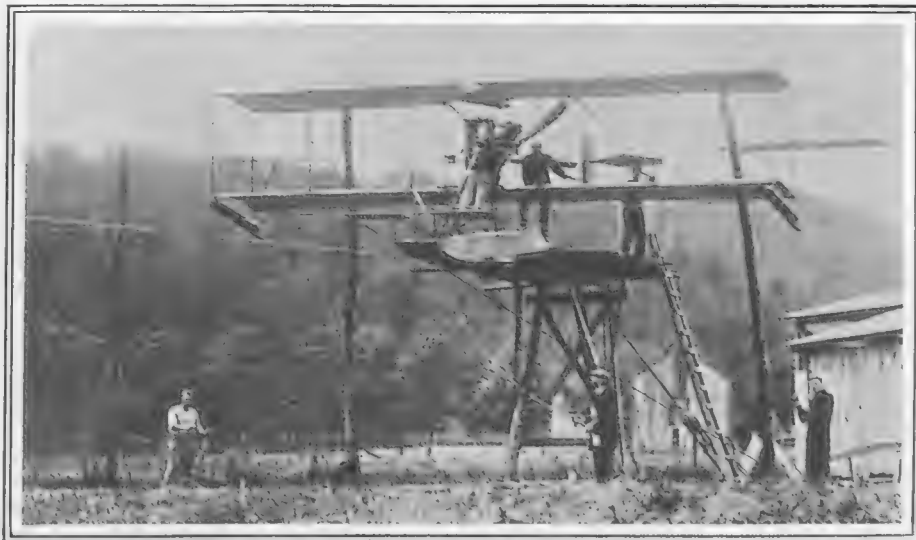
[Continued on a later page.]



THE FIRST BOHEMIAN AIR-WOMAN: MISS BOZENA LAGLER.

Miss Lagler has just received her certificate as a pilot. She was born in Prague, the Bohemian capital.

Photograph by Record Press.



A FLYING-MACHINE "WALKING" THE TIGHT-ROPE: MR. GLEN H. CURTISS' NEW DEVICE FOR STARTING AN AEROPLANE FROM A CABLE STRETCHED ABOVE A BATTLESHIP'S DECK.

The following description of the device reaches us with the photograph: "Mr. Glen H. Curtiss has invented an apparatus which allows the starting of airships without a platform; this is extremely important, because warships cannot carry the platforms which have been necessary until now. Mr. Curtiss starts his airship from a wire cable. This may be stretched from the boat deck of a battleship down to the bow. On this the hydroplane glides down, being kept from falling by two auxiliary wires, which support the wings until the machine gets up sufficient headway to keep its own balance."—[Photograph by Record Press.]



CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

Derby Cup.

The Derby Cup was instituted in 1892, in which year our neighbours from France backed their horse Ermak so heartily that he started favourite. He ran very well, but not quite well enough, and the prize went to Warlab, who thus set the fashion for the many surprises that the race has occasioned, for he started at 100 to 7. In 1899 the distance of the race was altered from a mile to a mile-and-a-half, but it was again reduced to a mile in 1902. Three years later it was decided to make it a long-distance race, and ever since it has remained a mile-and-three-quarter affair. For Friday's race Declare, Bronzino, and

be settled next year at Ascot. Judging strictly by the book, Lemberg is a lot the better of the two, for he made Kilbroney look very small potatoes in the Doncaster Cup, whereas in the Goodwood Cup Royal Realm signally failed to give Kilbroney 4 lb., although backed confidently to do it. But I should say Royal Realm is a much better horse to-day than he was in August.

Larger, Please
on our racecourses.

There is a vast amount of betting done at starting-price nowadays, both away from and on our racecourses. One of the most common of questions after each race, as people wander from the stands and enclosures to the paddock or the refreshment-room is, "What price did it start at?" But nothing is done officially to supply what might be called a demand. It may be that on account of starting-price betting being purely the outcome of newspaper enterprise, and on account of it (and all other betting, for the matter of that) finding no favour in the eyes of the Jockey Club, who take no cognisance of betting although they publish starting prices in the *Racing Calendar*, the various race-course officials take the Jockey Club attitude as the one to copy. If that is so it is a mistaken attitude. They allow the *Sportsman* to post up the starting-prices, but really, if one is not accustomed to racecourses one has the greatest difficulty in discovering the place where they are posted; and having done so, one has to peer closely, after the manner of a very short-sighted person, before one can read, so small and so faint are the pencilled figures. An American visitor once turned to me after looking at the list, and drawled, "I didn't know you wanted a microscope on your courses." The little exaggeration brings out the point I am aiming at. Why don't our executives arrange for the starting prices to be posted in big black carbon letters and figures so that one can see them at a glance? And let them be posted in a prominent place, high up.

The number-boards could be used in the interval between the hauling down and the raising of the numbers.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

Derby, to-day: Chesterfield Nursery, Polymela; Markeaton Plate, Dandyprat; Rangemore Stakes, Polkerris. To-morrow: Allestree Plate, Jackdaw; Chatsworth Plate, Bobbin II.; Osmaston Nursery,



PRACTISING THE STRAIGHT CROSS-COUNTRY CHARGE: PORTUGUESE CAVALRY CROSSING BANKS AND HEDGEROWS.

Hitherto the Italian cavalryman has been chiefly associated with daring feats of horsemanship. These photographs, however, which were taken near Lisbon, show that the Portuguese cavalry can hold their own in this respect, and it will be noted that they perform their evolutions without discarding their lances. It is, of course, of the utmost importance that cavalry should be trained to meet an emergency such as a concealed ravine, without disaster, and should be able to charge across country, undeterred by banks and hedgerows. — [Photographs by C.N.]

Mirador have 9 st. to carry. Declare ran very well at Newbury, but I fancy that if Taylor trains the winner of this race, it will be Elizabetha or Mirador. The ground will be more to the liking of Mr. Astor's horse than it was on the Cesarewitch day. Lower down in the handicap one comes across the resuscitated Santeve, who ran a surprisingly good race against Cyrene at Folkestone. She does best in the autumn, having won the Liverpool Autumn Cup twice. She should do well at Derby. Another that I like is Graball, who could not be trained for the Prince Edward Handicap on account of the hard ground. Since then the rain has come, and with Peacock's stable in form (we saw that at Lincoln), I shall be very much surprised if Graball does not go very close. My selection for the race will be found under "Monday Tips."

Cup Horses?

It is satisfactory to learn that Messrs. W. Hall Walker and Fairie are not following the modern fashion of retiring good horses to the stud at an early age, and that they have decided to keep Royal Realm and Lemberg in training for another season. Possibly Mr. Fairie was influenced in this decision by the unfortunate accident that put an end to Swynford's career as a racehorse, for Lord Derby's colt had at last proved his superiority to the 1910 Derby winner. But whatever reasons animated Mr. Fairie, it is for the good of the Turf that his Cyllene colt should have another season. In addition to that, should Lemberg carry off the Ascot Gold Cup—at the moment there seems no reason why he should not, seeing that Willonyx has retired—he will gain added distinction and be of more value commercially as a sire, whether he be kept here or eventually find his way abroad. His most formidable rivals, on paper at least, appear to be Stedfast and Royal Realm; the latter, like a good many other Persimmon horses, has come to his best comparatively late in life. Another pleasing feature about Royal Realm is that he does not seem to be cursed with the shiftiness that afflicts many of the offspring of Persimmon; and it was a real treat to see him win the Newbury Summer and Autumn Handicaps. Whether he is quite of the class of Lemberg is a doubtful question, and one that may



TRAINING FOR THE PITFALLS OF WARFARE: PORTUGUESE CAVALRY PRACTISING A SUDDEN STEEP DESCENT.

Franconia. Friday: Derby Cup, Graball; Friary Nursery, Dalnaspidal; Chaddesden Plate, Marco Bozzaris. Lingfield, Saturday: November Nursery, Sister of Mercy; Yewhurst Handicap, Chihuahua; Back End Handicap, Himan; Winter Welter, Filibuster. Warwick, Monday: November Handicap, Claretot.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Gift of Laughter.

Of all the gifts that have been bestowed upon mortals it is probable that that of laughter is one of the most precious; and yet we do not know why we laugh, and are constrained to listen, wonderingly, while

a Professor from the Sorbonne explains to us the psychical processes which lead to our being amused. M. Henri Bergson, for a great philosopher, has somewhat primitive ideas of what is amusing, or possibly he takes the masculine view of mental diversion instead of the feminine — views which are sometimes poles apart. He asserts, for instance, that we laugh "when someone falls down in the street," and argues that we are amused at the unfortunate individual's "mechanical inelasticity." As a matter of fact, civilised persons do not laugh when they witness an accident; rather do they rush forward to see if they can help. We may, if we are fortunate enough to have retained some of the child

manslaughter they are seldom hanged. He grudges them a hard mattress and a blanket in their cell, and complains that they are set to do "light" work, such as washing, mangling, and ironing! These things distress Mr. Bax as much as the modern custom of handing over the damages in a divorce case to the divorced wife, who, nine times out of ten, finds herself a ruined individual in a hostile world, with no means of support, no prospect of marriage, and no previous training which would enable her to earn her living. It is a curious and significant fact that Woman, on the whole, concerns herself far less with the shortcomings of Man than the menfolk do with those of their mates. Her chief preoccupation is with the children, and she has small time or inclination to cover with odium the actual or potential fathers of the race

The End of Entertaining.

The cost of dress, the absurd lengths to which expenditure goes on luxurious and sumptuous clothing, is now pushed to such an extreme in Paris that a woman's fortune, like that of a savage beauty, may often be seen on her person, and there is no margin left for entertaining, for all that makes social intercourse delightful. Three years ago, in Paris, I was told by a Senator's wife that only the very rich could now give dinner-parties at all, and that for modest fortunes entertaining in any form, except the mild dissipation of afternoon tea and cakes, was out of the question. Yet rents, even in the fashionable quarters of Paris, are about half what they are in London; wine, of course, is cheaper; and not so many servants are employed as in the same households over here. And what, it may well be asked, is the use of all this amazing expenditure on finery, if the furs and trinkets, the hats and robes are not to be exhibited on festive occasions to friends and admirers? A woman may be dressed to perfection from head to foot, but if no one is to see it, and sociability goes by the board in the effort to be beautiful, to what end has she made all this effort? The matter is grotesque, and why her men folk do not put a stop to it is food for wonder. You might as well, if you were a child, have a doll which is attired in such costly and sumptuous fashion that you can never take it out of its cupboard, nor afford to ask your little friends to tea to look at it. There is no doubt the French push the worship of the doll-woman to absurd lengths. In Paris, at any rate, the upper classes and the stars of the theatre are encouraged to exploit their femininity, to exaggerate the charm of their sex. Whereas

an Englishwoman often delights to exhibit manly qualities, her French contemporary is always intensely conscious that she is a woman. You see it in every glance and every gesture. In England a man does not put the decoration of his wife among the first duties of man, and he very sensibly prefers to see his friends at dinner and to limit the expenditure on milliners' bills.



[Copyright.]

A DAINTY BLOUSE.

The blouse is in black satin bordered with skunk, and opened over a chemisette of pleated lawn. It has a band of embroidery on one side, and a large revers of white moiré silk edged with skunk on the other.

in us, laugh to tears when the policeman in the pantomime trips over the clown, because we know it is make-believe; but we are humane enough nowadays not to see anything risible in a fall which may result in a broken leg or a dislocated shoulder. I think the causes of laughter are one of the tests of a high civilisation. When Mr. Edmund Payne, in the Gaiety play, leans on the shoulders of the millionaire whose hair he is cutting, he is, with reason, the cause of excessive mirth in the audience, for here we have one of the bases of humour, an idea of incongruity—a shock to class prejudice. It is only savages and little boys who are cruel in their mirth, and I do not think that either specimens of the human race would understand George Meredith's supreme test of the Comic Spirit and enjoy a joke against themselves.

Our Champions and Assailants.

It "pays" exceedingly well nowadays to be on the side of the womenfolk, and both Mr. Sidney Low, with his spirited answer to Rudyard Kipling's "Female of the Species," in the *Standard*, and Mr. Lloyd George, with his eulogies in the House of Commons on the working-woman's courage and endurance, have found themselves in a white glow of popularity. It has been so long the fashion to shy metaphorical bricks at a sex which wisely ignored the missiles and went on its appointed way, instinctively and placidly, that the present reaction, this meed of praise and respect, comes as a joyous surprise. But it must not be supposed, because a few brilliant and generous-minded men praise the good qualities of our sex, that the old spirit of masculine rancour is dead. Far from it. In the current *Fortnightly Review*, a Mr. Belfort Bax is exceedingly vituperative about the "privileges" of women. This pleasing writer seems extremely sore because women and girls are not flogged in English prisons, and that when they commit



[Copyright.]

AN EVENING DRESS.

An evening dress in Sèvres blue crêpe de Chine, trimmed with black and white Chantilly, which forms fichu and tunic. The skirt is draped at the ankles. The train is of black Chantilly.



[Copyright.]

A TAILOR-MADE DRESS.

This tailor-made dress is in royal blue ratteen, trimmed with white ratteen, and blue and white piping.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 27.

THE MARKETS.

THE principal interest has centred round Diamond and Miscellaneous shares; among the former there has been a pretty general advance, Premier Deferred being $1\frac{1}{2}$ up at $10\frac{1}{8}$, and De Beers' Deferred have put on $\frac{1}{2}$; whilst in the latter section Cements and London General Omnibus stock have again monopolised attention. No further information about the proposed amalgamation has been made public since last we wrote, but the general idea seems to be that the terms would have to be very advantageous to make any such scheme attractive to the Omnibus shareholders.

Among foreign bonds, Chinese issues have declined owing to the reports of increasing trouble in that country; but we notice, at the meeting of the Pekin Syndicate, the chairman endorsed all that we said last week as to the outlook for the future. Turkish and Italian bonds, on the other hand, have been unaffected by the growing probability of a prolonged conflict. Peruvian Prefs. have been a good market, and now stand at $43\frac{3}{4}$.

Nigerian Tin shares have been a firmer market, and the shares of the Northern Nigeria (Bauchi) Tin, to which we recently drew attention, have risen to 9s. 3d. on the cablegram received from the manager, which reads: "Tin ore recovered last month, 815 bags (about $25\frac{1}{2}$ tons). Despatched from property, 449 bags (about $14\frac{1}{2}$ tons). Estimated recovery for this month, 850 bags (about $26\frac{1}{2}$ tons)." If this rate of production is continued, the shares should still prove a good purchase.

Rubbers have been depressed, with the exception of Malaccas, by forced sales from the East, and there has been little doing in the Oil Market; Shells, however, are up to 86s., and there have been considerable dealings in options. We hear of several Oil Companies "on the stocks," one at least with a capital of over two millions, which will probably make its appearance early in 1912.

OUR NATIONAL CREDIT.

The position and price of Consols have for some time caused the greatest anxiety to the large monetary interests in the City, and ought to cause at least equal anxiety to every thinking person in the country, whether he owns the stock or not. Truly the question affects the man who has never held, and never expects to hold, a single pound of Consols as much as the man whose fortune is invested in the stock; and it is this feeling which is causing the leaders of finance to seek some remedy for the present state of affairs.

In the first place, every savings-bank, whether Post Office or trustee, is heavily involved, and it is little exaggeration to say that the securities they hold against the savings of their customers show a depreciation of at least £30,000,000. Of course, in the case of the Post Office, the nation is liable to make good this deficiency, which means an addition of at least £15,000,000 to the acknowledged amount of our National Debt; but, apart from the price of Consols, the market for them becoming, as it does, more circumscribed month by month is really the most dangerous point. Not only has the price been below 77 and is now $78\frac{1}{2}$; but the stock is becoming unnegotiable. If any big bank or other large holder had to realise in a hurry—such things have been—the stock could not be sold for its nominal value, but could only be turned into cash at a considerable sacrifice. Less than two months ago we were only saved from a war with a first-class Continental Power (as we now know) by the fact that this Power's Navy was armed with 11.5-in. guns, and a certain strategic canal was in the throes of alteration; and if the next time a crisis of this sort occurs the position is reversed, what sort of price will Consols go to, and how will our banks—whether savings banks or otherwise—be in a position to meet the liabilities which will then crowd upon them?

In other words, the present position of Consols is as pressing a national danger as the weakness of our Army.

THE REMEDIES.

The question is not whether something should be done, but what can be done to raise the price and strengthen the market. If a date were fixed—say, 1950—at which Consols were to be redeemable at par by the automatic working of a sinking fund, it would, of course, make an enormous difference, and at once bring in buyers; and if the sinking fund were year by year invested in the stock the further help would be greater still, and in the end the nation would be only redeeming its own stock. As things are, this seems to us the only feasible method of dealing in a sufficiently drastic manner with the situation.

HOME RAILS AND LABOUR.

There has been very little business passing in this market during the past week, and practically none at all on the part of the public. With the prospect of nearly a month's interval before the result of the ballot among the men is known, speculators and investors alike are holding aloof, and prices have dwindled.

We are not altogether pessimistic about the prospect of an immediate strike: in the first place, the powerful body of locomotive men are opposed to extreme measures, and the moderate men, whose voice is not heard at mass meetings, must have been affected by the recent concessions, and their votes should ensure a temporary peace at any rate.

Probably there will be some buying on optimistic rumours just before the result of the ballot is made known, and should the threats of a coal strike be dissipated at the Miners' Congress there may be a slight recovery in prices, but otherwise we look for little change during this account. Whether there is a strike or not on this occasion, however, we cannot see how prices can take a permanently higher level until the whole question between the Companies and their men has been threshed out.

THE LIVERPOOL NITRATE REPORT.

The report of the Liverpool Nitrate Company makes an excellent showing: the net profits during the previous year were £55,000, and there is now an increase of £4500. The directors transfer £5000 to plant-renewal, and £10,000 to the reserve account, and propose to pay a final dividend of 20s. per share. An interim dividend of 10s. per share has already been paid, so that the total distribution for the year is 30s., against 22s. 6d. last year.

Prospects are exceptionally promising, and this Company, with its large undeveloped area of nitrate, should do even better during the current year, so that the £2 shares do not look overvalued at £21, at which price the yield is over 7 per cent.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Can't make it out," declared The Engineer. "Here is the party faced with a serious domestic crisis, and yet they haven't sent for you!"

"Too busy, old man," replied The Jobber. "Really couldn't manage it. My Stock Exchange work, you know—" And he left the sentence unfinished, as Haydn did a famous Symphony.

"Awful pity, you know," put in The City Editor. "Now, if only we had a Stock Exchange man to run the country, Consols would go to par."

"Feeble," murmured The Broker; "feeble in the extreme."

"Whereas Consols now are more likely to go back to 75. Is it not so?" the speaker asked The Banker.

The old gentleman answered that he was afraid Consols would eventually go to 75, whichever party happened to be in power.

"You are rather a Job's comforter," protested The Merchant. "Or do you mean that we ought to put all our money into Armament shares?"

The Banker disclaimed the inference. "But," he continued, "I do think that all this Socialist, or democratic—whichever you like to call it—tendency in legislation is inevitably bound to act detrimentally upon the quotations for what one may call old-fashioned investments."

"Then you regard the rise in Consols as a flash in the pan?"

"I fear Consols will go down again."

"Then Home Rails will also fall?"

The Engineer said he could not see the necessary connection. "A certain amount of sympathy there doubtless is and always will be, but at present the two markets are governed by factors largely different from each other."

"In the long run, however," said The City Editor, "the Socialist factor will tend to depreciate investments in both markets."

"Except as speculations I don't find clients buying Home Railway stocks," admitted The Broker.

"The next batch of dividends will be good," he was reminded.

"That's true. But after that, what then? We've had the Coronation and a gorgeous summer, with other things to help the railways—"

"Including the August strike?"

"Well," he went on, ignoring the interruption, "the Companies have had several things in their favour this year which are not likely to recur. So if prices go down in a fat year, what's going to happen in a lean one?"

"You are taking an altogether too gloomy view of the situation, I think," said The City Editor. "I suppose you would like all of us to sell our Home Rails and to buy Kaffirs?"

"Now we are really beginning to talk!" cried The Jobber. "There's a real live market for you."

"Believe in it?" asked The Broker.

"Getting unkind, isn't he?" and The Merchant laughed.

"I believe in it up to a point," was the rather cautious reply.

"Still, I prefer Rhodesians, as I've told you before."

"Some of your Rhodesian tips have come home quite decently," The Engineer confessed.

"Yes, it doesn't pay to go always a bear of my tips," was the complacent reply. "And I retain my fondness for Chartered, although, after all, they are more fit for jobbing in and out of than for consistent speculation one way."

"Look here, old man," remarked The Merchant. "When you carry over shares for a client, do you charge commission on the contango?"

[Continued on page 190.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Decrease of Daintiness. There is no doubt that women are falling off in their love of nice and dainty things. Where are the pretty lace-trimmed petticoats that we got fascinating peeps at when ladies stepped in and out of their carriages, or tripped across the street? As well inquire, "Where are the snows of yester-year?" The pretty lace-trimmed hand-made lingerie, too, has fallen more or less into disuse. The excuse for this falling-off from feminine grace is that modern fashions are so skin-tight that they do not admit of pretty underwear, and petticoats are impossibilities. If so, we can only hope that the spring will bring us wider and daintier ways. The loss entailed on lace-makers and hand-sewers is an evil, too.

The Little Help. We are very unkind to our skins, however much we may love and cherish our flesh, although it seems to me we are chiefly in haste to be rid of it. British women have a strong prejudice in favour of cleanliness—one which it is to be hoped will always cling to them. They wash their faces with soap, thus removing the natural oil, which they



OUT WITH THE GUNS AT LAVERSTOKE: A GROUP AT A PHEASANT SHOOT ON SIR WILLIAM PORTAL'S ESTATE.

In the photograph, which was taken at a recent pheasant shoot on Sir William Portal's estate at Laverstoke, near Whitechurch, Hampshire, are Lady Portal, Mr. Wyndham Portal and Lady Rosemary Portal, and Mr. G. L. Bush (seated). Lady Portal is a granddaughter of the first Baron Wolverton. Lady Rosemary Portal, who married Sir William's eldest son, Mr. Wyndham Portal, is a daughter of the second Earl Cairns.—[Photograph by Topical.]

never think of replacing, and wonder much why their faces get dry and cracked, blaming therefore every wind that blows. In these circumstances, cold cream of any kind is plastered on, whereas the skin needs attention given to it gently and discriminately. Messrs. Grossmith and Son have introduced, in their "Shem-el-Nessim" Cream, one which is the result of many years' experience, is free from grease, and is so rapidly absorbed by the skin that it is really an invisible balm. It is the little help that means so much.

Their Majesties. There was a large and brilliant audience at the Opera House on Tuesday, for it had become known that the King and Queen would be present, and many wanted to see them before they left for the East. The Queen wore a sapphire-blue brocade dress, shot and brocaded with silver, the bodice finished with velvet and tulle. A diamond-and-turquoise tiara, and a very handsome necklace and corsage ornaments to correspond, were worn. A lovely bouquet of red and pink roses, left for her in her box, made a pretty contrast to her costume. Next to her sat the King, and then the Queen of Norway—in a black dress, I think, the bodice part much relieved with white tulle and lace. Her Majesty, who also had a bouquet, wore a diamond ornament in her hair. So interested was she in the beautiful dancing that her lorgnettes never left her eyes during the ballets. Princess Victoria, who looked very well, wore a black chiffon dress over white, the décolletage sewn

round with a triple row of diamonds. Her Royal Highness wore a pearl necklace, and a diamond ornament in her hair. Princess Henry of Battenberg was in the stage box, opposite to the royal one, and looked very handsome in black with diamond ornaments. The front row of stalls seems a favourite vantage-ground from which to see the wondrously lovely ballet. In it were the Russian Ambassador, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador. Lord and Lady Farquhar, the Hon. Mrs. Rupert Becket, Miss Yznaga, and Mrs. John Leslie. Mr. A. J. Balfour was in a ground-tier box, with Lady Cunard and Lady Marjorie Manners. The house was full.



THE NEW R.A.: MR. LIONEL P. SMYTHE.

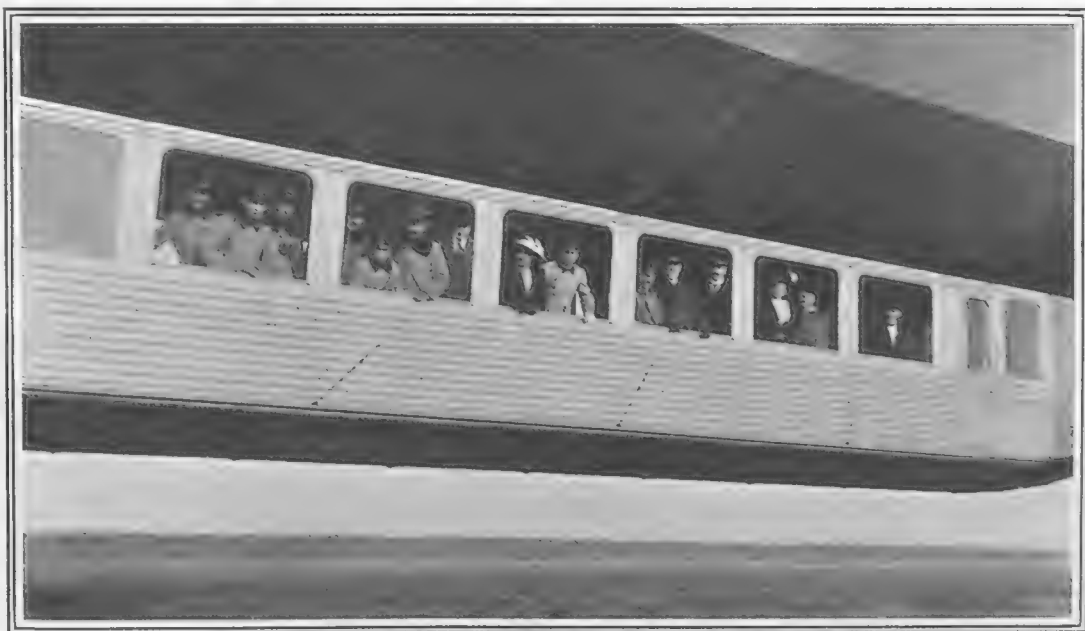
Mr. Lionel P. Smythe, who has just been elected a Royal Academician, had been an A.R.A. since 1898. He fills the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Edwin Abbey.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

Neat Little Pictures. Every woman wonders where Lily Elsie, now Mrs. Ian Bullough, gets her hats. No need to wonder any longer: *The Sketch* makes it known this week. These neat, most becoming, and, above all things, *chic* capotes are made by Zyrot et Cie., 14, Hanover Square, a firm with a specialty for stylish, jaunty, and small picture-hats. Miss Gertie Millar is one of their clients, and they have also a large clientèle among the very smart Society women. Their colourings are original but always beautiful, and their effects are obtained by real artistry. A charming ermine hat is trimmed with a band of sable over the high crown; a delightful one is of blue purple-and-gold shot silk, the little brim turned up with purple, and a very fascinating end of the silk terminating in a tassel falls down at the left side. Very smart is a black-velvet hat, with a long black osprey raking back from under the brim. A hat called "Rosalind," modelled on the headgear of the heroine in "As You Like It," is very successful. It is in green, with feathers shaded from amethyst to purple. A delightful thing, too, is the hat worn by Miss Phyllis Dare in "Peggy," also a Zyrot, as was that worn by Mrs. Pawson at her wedding last week and much admired. In addition to hats there are original and beautiful blouses in remarkable colourings, and in cream and white.

Ideal Caskets for Cherished Jewels.

Every woman loves her jewelled ornaments, and feels personally hurt if they are injured. Well knowing this, and knowing also that owners of gems really enjoy them most when not in wear—they are then *pro bono publico*—Messrs. F. Best and Co., 188, Sloane Street, and Aldford Street, Park Lane, the celebrated specialists in trunks and cases, have produced a jewel-box which is perfect, being at once practical and very luxurious and pretty. It is made in two sizes in the newest colours, with velvet pads, either a harmonious shade of similar colour or a charming contrast, to lay over the jewels when placed in the large under-part or in the smaller compartments, all lined with similar velvet. It is compact, keeps the jewellery in splendid order, is light, and has an unpickable lock. Nothing could be daintier or more useful for wedding or Christmas presents.



ROYAL "ELIGIBLES" ON A DIRIGIBLE: THE NEW GERMAN AIRSHIP "SCHWABEN" AND HER PRINCELY PASSENGERS.

Quite a number of Prussian Princes, some unmarried, and therefore "eligible," and other royalties, made an ascent recently in the new German dirigible "Schwaben." From left to right, the royal passengers include Prince Frederick Karl, Prince Frederick Sigismund, Prince Joachim, Prince Eitel Frederick, the Prince of Hohenzollern, Prince Oscar, Prince and Princess August Wilhelm, and Prince George of Greece.—[Photograph by Record Press.]

Continued from page 188.

The Broker took up the running.

"It all depends," he said. "Suppose I carried over a hundred East Rands for you and paid 5 per cent. in the market, I should charge you 5½ per cent., taking the half per cent. as profit."

"And when I sold them?"

"Charge ordinary commission again, because a half per cent. on East Rands would work out to—to"—he made a rapid calculation—"to less than a farthing a share. Some brokers charge a rate in pence—say, threepence on East Rands, for example."

"The quickness of the 'and deceives the h'eye. It doesn't look much, but the broker makes a lot more in that way."

"Others put the rate they pay—say, 5 per cent.—and then plus half the usual commission. In these cases it is rarely that anything is charged when the shares are sold."

"There ought to be some definite rule," maintained The Engineer; "then we should all know precisely how much we are being robbed of."

"The Committee are doing their best to settle a scale," replied The Broker. "But they've met with all sorts of unexpected difficulties."

"Well, my idea is that brokers ought to pay the public, instead of the other way round," said The Merchant with conviction.

"How would that work out for the jobbers?" inquired he of that fraternity. "It's an idea that wants looking into, because if I did happen to become a member of the Cabinet—"

"Foreign stuff is the only kind of thing which seems to stand any chance," lamented The Merchant. "Bonds or railways—it doesn't greatly matter which you buy. They seldom go down, and that's a great thing to be able to say of stocks and shares in any market in these degenerate days."

"Keep your weather eye on Nitrate shares," counselled The Broker. "And 'ware Yankees."

"Don't care twopence about Yankees myself," said The Jobber. "But all my mothers and sisters and aunts and cousins, even unto the forty-ninth generation, have got Canadas."

"Canadas are right enough," The Broker spoke with emphasis. "Keep Canadas for 260."

"And buy yourself Mexico North-Western Fives at 83 for investment and a seven-point rise," added The Engineer. "Then there are some of the Tobacco shares—"

"They end in smoke," said The Jobber hastily. "What I want all of you to buy is something in *my* market. Now, gentlemen!"

Saturday, Nov. 11, 1911.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

G. B.—(1) The people are outside brokers who "push" shares. We advise you not to buy. (2) The Income Debenture Stock of the Argentine Land and Finance Co. at about 80 will give you 5 per cent., and you will in the end get par if you are willing to wait.

LOST.—We think both stocks worth buying to hold for rises, and to pay you good interest in the meanwhile. Of course, with the prior lien you must chance political disturbances.

EVAN.—The best premium bonds for your purpose seem City of Antwerp, 1887, or City of Paris, 1905. If you ordered the Belgian bi-monthly *Moniteur*, at four shillings a year, you would be able to check the drawings yourself. Panama Canal Bonds, which pay no interest, are also suitable for your purpose. Messrs. Nathan Keizer and Co., 31, Threadneedle Street, will deal at current prices for you.

G. S. T.—We have sent the broker's name and address, as we never publish these in this column when members of the Stock Exchange. They will want cover or a good reference from your bankers.

A. M.—We only write private letters in accordance with Rule 5. The shares are Cumulative Preference Shares. The Income Bonds were issued some time ago in payment of arrears of interest due to Preference shareholders in the days of the Argentine bad times, and are being redeemed by purchases made by the Company out of profits from time to time.

ASTOR.—We will ask "Q." for his views.

J. M.—(1) The question of buying the Railway stocks is dependent on your estimation of the labour position. We think you could do better from the list we gave "Henty" last week. (2) "Deferred" means that the stock gets any surplus after all the other stocks have received a fixed rate. (3) Very good Bank shares, but there is the liability to consider.

PREMIER OIL AND PIPE LINE.—As the inquiry for Oil shares is increasing, there is justification for the expectation entertained in well-informed circles that the shares of the Premier Oil and Pipe Line Company will improve upon the present tempting quotation of 18s., which includes the usual quarterly dividend of 6d. per share, or 2½ per cent. The present dividend rate of 10 per cent. per annum makes the yield on the shares over 11 per cent., and there is every probability that the rate of distribution will be raised from 10 to 15 per cent. in the near future, so that present buyers have a certainty of 11 per cent. and a probability of 15½ per cent. before long. The Company has sixteen producing wells and is busily engaged in drilling sixteen more, so that the present output of 17,800 tons per annum, carrying a profit of £1 per ton, is likely to be largely increased; and the prospects, with a capital of £1,000,000 to pay dividends upon, are of a satisfactory description.

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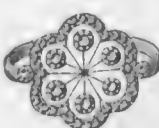


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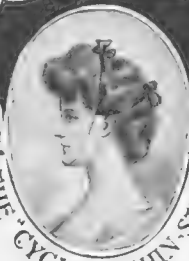
THE TREASURE HOUSE, HATTON GARDEN, E.C

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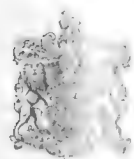
Artists, leading members of the Operatic and Dramatic World, and also from women of the most pronounced domestic sensibilities.

The following brief mention of some of the marvellous "Cyclax" Remedies may be made:—Foremost amongst the "Cyclax" preparations are the "Cyclax" Skin Food (price 7s. 6d. or 4s.), which feeds and plumps up the skin and gives it a soft and velvety appearance; the "Cyclax" Special Lotion—this is the *clou* of the treatment—(price 10s. 6d. or 5s. 6d.), which clears the skin of all impurities, makes it white and transparent, and removes all acidity, blackheads, &c.; "Cyclax" Complexion Milk (price 7s. 6d. or 4s.), which eradicates lines and cures open pores; "Cyclax" Eraceine (price 7s. 6d. or 4s.), a most powerful and excellent tonic lotion; "Cyclax" Sunburn Lotion (price 8s. 6d. or 4s. 6d.), and "Cyclax" Salusta Lotion (price 8s. 6d. or 4s. 6d.), two remarkably excellent protective and sedative applications; "Cyclax" Transforming Lotion (price 6s. 6d. or 3s. 6d.), which gives the skin a beautiful texture, and is a magnificent medicament to cure certain troubles; the "Cyclax" Face Powder (price 6s. 6d.), original, antiseptic, and practically invisible; the "Cyclax" Skin Soap (price 3s. 6d. per tablet), a preparation specially medicated to act in conjunction with all the other remedies. The "Cyclax" Chin Strap (price 6s. 6d.), for the treatment of the muscles of the throat and curing bagginess and emaciation; and "Cyclax" Throat Lotion (price 7s. 6d.), specially compounded to be used with the above device, which never fails to restore the contour.

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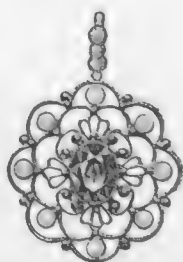
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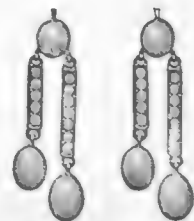
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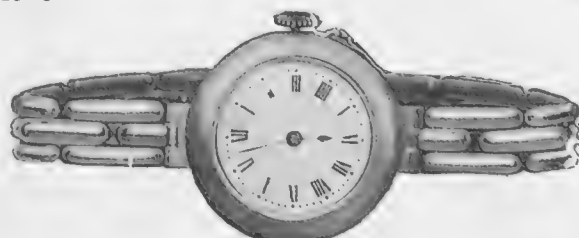
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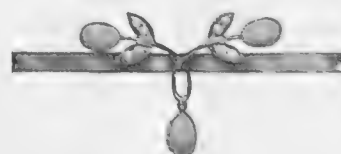
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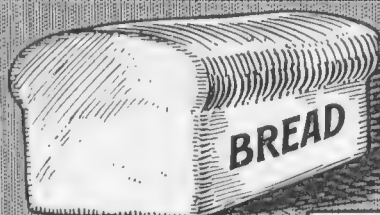
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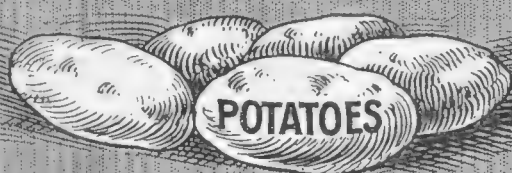


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part of its
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by itself.

Bread yields

100 per cent.

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when OXO is taken
with it—either as
a beverage or as
a sandwich.



Potatoes
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part of their
NUTRIMENT
when Oxo is
absent.

Potatoes
yield the full

100 per cent.

of their nutriment
when Oxo is taken
with them as a
gravy.



MILK
gives but a
part of its
Nutriment
when taken
by itself.

MILK

yields the full

100 per cent.

of its nutriment when a
teaspoonful of OXO is
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OXO is absent

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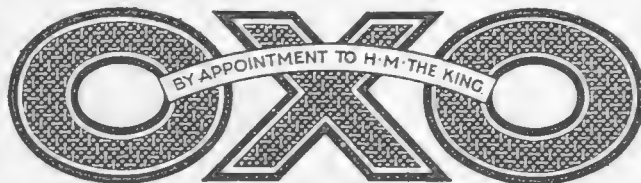
yields

100 per cent.

of its nutriment
when OXO is added
Note:—A cup of OXO poured
over a dish of boiled rice
makes a delicious, nourish-
ing and economical dish.

100 PER CENT. NUTRIMENT

This article should be read by all who have the good health of their families and themselves at heart. It shows the striking value of



THE FOOD OF THE PEOPLE
MADE BY THE FIRM WITH THE FARMS

Scientific investigation has set certain values on the foods consumed by the human race. For example, two ounces of oatmeal give an energy value of 260 calories, bread of 140 calories, potatoes 50 calories, one egg 70 calories, and so forth. But this value almost always falls far short in practice, because the system fails to assimilate the food eaten.

* * *

In other words, there is great waste of material during digestion—and especially in debilitated conditions. This waste often causes a serious disturbance to health—the food taken proving a detriment instead of a nutrient. In simple English, the system becomes like a choked fire which either burns badly or refuses to burn at all. It is overloaded with fuel but gives little heat.

* * *

Now this is where OXO proves its power. OXO, as well as being a nutritious food in itself, is, in the words of the scientists, one of the greatest 'promoters of absorption' known to man—it has an effect on the processes of nutrition which is simply extraordinary. In other words, OXO makes the food-furnace glow with healthy activity—which helps the system to absorb and use all the nutriment from other foods.

* * *

Porridge, eggs, bread, tapioca, rice, and similar foods in suitable quantities yield the full 100 per cent. of their nutriment *when they are accompanied by OXO*. Even milk, which is set out to be an ideal food, is often indigestible—a fault at once removed by the addition of OXO.

* * *

Strange as it may seem, the stomach is like the brain, inasmuch as it requires to be interested in order to work properly. The brain goes to sleep listening to a dull discourse or lecture. The stomach "goes to sleep" when it is asked to digest uninteresting food. And just as a brilliant speaker who infuses life, vigour and emphasis into his words can rouse the duller audience to enthusiasm, so OXO, by its wonderful properties, makes a meal of any kind interesting to the digestive organs. The digestive process becomes harmonious—and the individual gains a sense of energy, support and well-being entirely unknown when OXO is absent.

* * *

Remember, then, that OXO not only imparts its own special nutriment to the system, but that it *ensures* from all classes of food their highest nutritive value, it *ensures* the system absorbing the full 100 per cent. nutriment from the food eaten.

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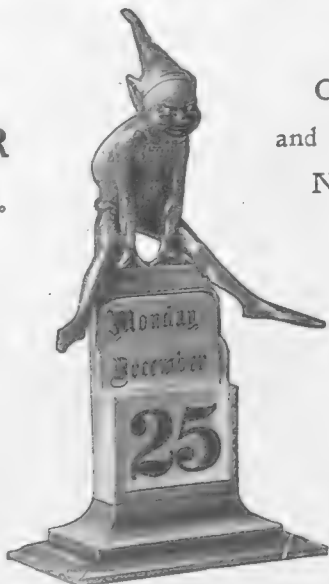
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(In "London Opinion.")

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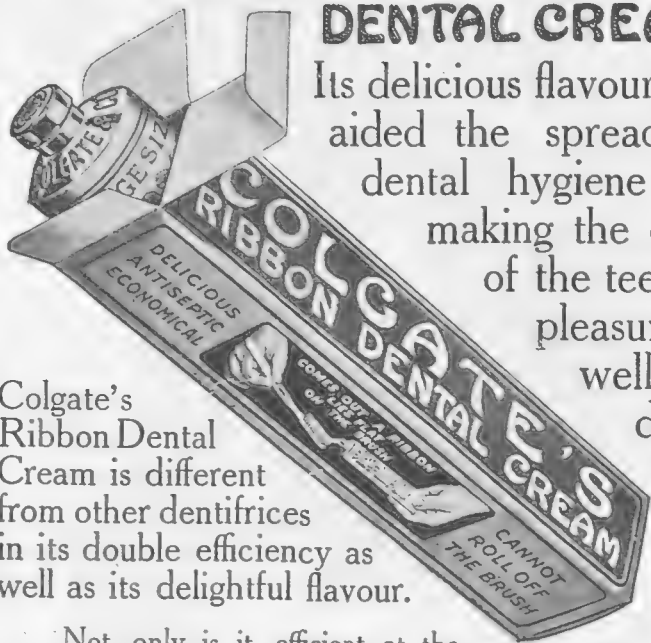
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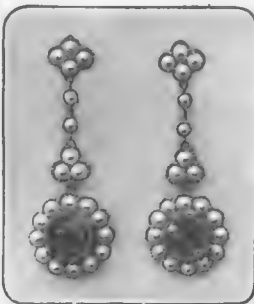
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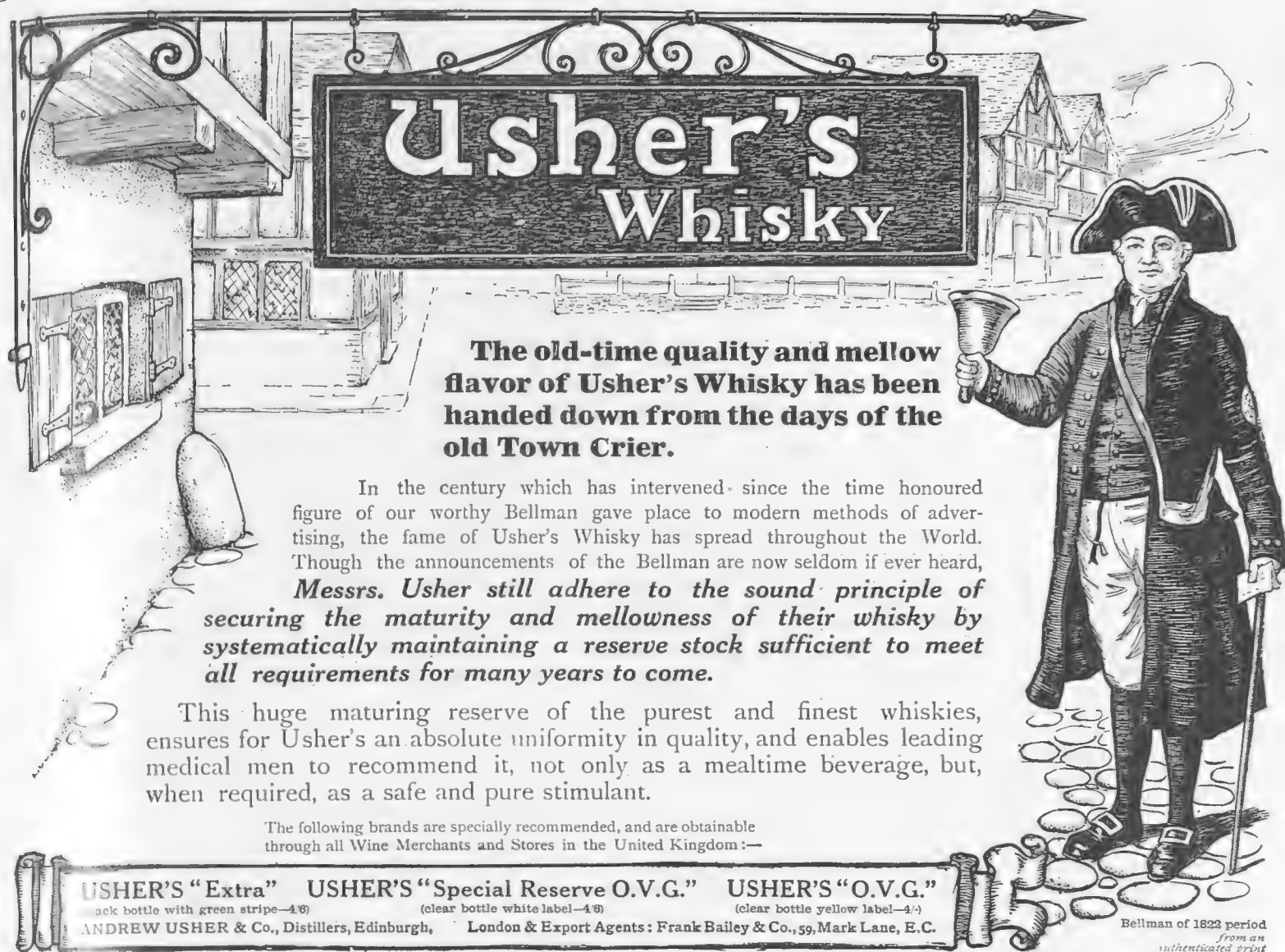
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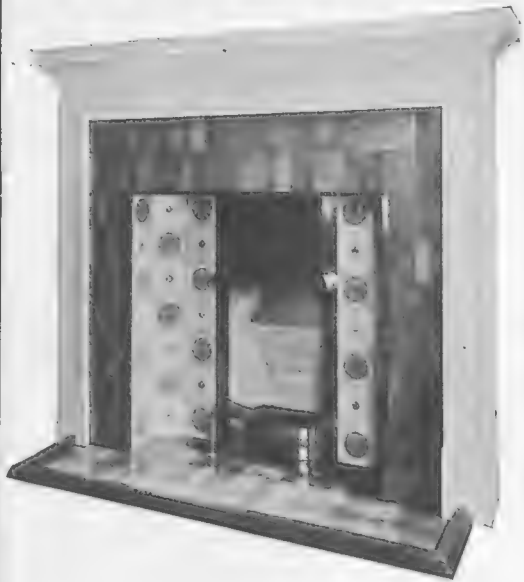
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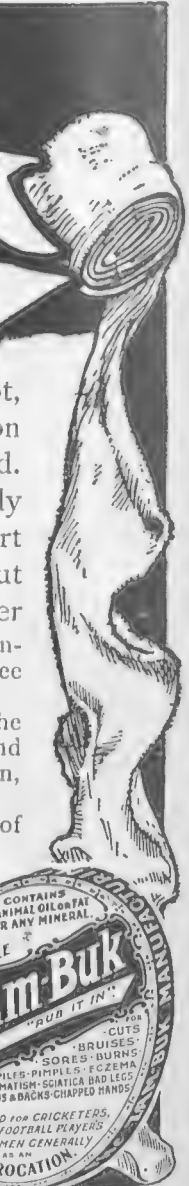
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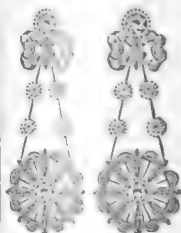
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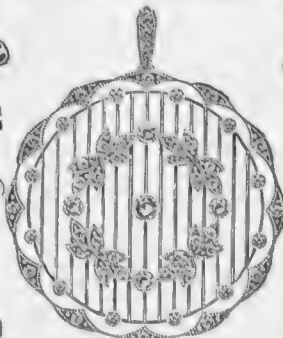
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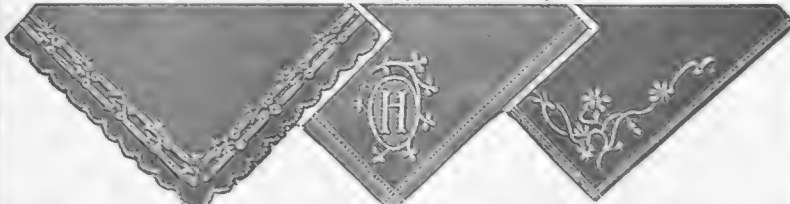
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THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

Critchley's "British Motor Vehicles."

Very useful indeed is Mr. I. S. Critchley's little Union-Jack-covered volume entitled "British Motor Vehicles (Pleasure Car Section)," 1912 edition (C. D. Clayton, Ltd., 52, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.). In this book will be found in a concise form the leading particulars of British motor vehicles for 1912, which will most undoubtedly prove of the greatest utility to all prospective patriotic purchasers. From the carefully detailed specifications given, these purchasers will be able to select the vehicle or vehicles which appear most likely to meet their requirements, either as regards general construction, or price, or both, and without the trouble of wading through large numbers of makers' catalogues. A list of British manufacturers and their addresses precedes a classification of cars in order of chassis price; whereafter follow the detailed particulars of no less than fifty-six makes of cars in all their h.p.s and types.

The Argyll Diagonal Braking.

Owing to lack of space in the Supplement of last week, I was unable to deal with an extremely interesting and important point of detail in the chassis of the 25-h.p. four-cylinder sleeve-valve Argyll car shown by Argyll Motors, Ltd., at the late Exhibition. Now, the Argyll engineers have made a success of front-wheel braking, and are not to discontinue it in connection with the 12-h.p. chassis, upon which it has proved so successful that it is fitted, but in an improved form, upon the 25-h.p. So far as the design of the front-wheel brakes goes in the 25-h.p., these are identical with those of the 12-h.p.; but in the higher-powered car the brakes on both front and back wheels are so connected that all four are applied by the pedal or by the side-lever, or, in cases of emergency, by both together. But this is not all. The brakes are applied diagonally—that is to say, the off-side front-wheel brake and the near-side rear-wheel brake and the near-side front-wheel and the off-side rear-wheel are applied and compensated each pair together. One pair of brakes has a certain lead of the other pair; so that diagonal braking, which has been found by experiments to be absolutely proof against side-slip or skidding, is obtained.

Brave Cars.

The Clement-Bayard cars are the direct descendants of the Clement cars originally built by Messrs. Adolphe Clement, which created so much sensation on their arrival in this country in quite early days. One of them, a small two-cylinder car, did wonderfully well at one of the first motor-competitions held at Bexhill. Though the sterling

quality of the early Clements still obtains in their descendants, the Clement-Bayards of to-day, the design and construction have so advanced that they represent quite the latest phases of automobile engineering. They are made in five models—the 7-h.p. two-cylinder, 650 mm. by 65 mm. bore and stroke; the 8-h.p. four-cylinder; the 10-h.p. four-cylinder, 70 mm. by 110 mm.; the 12-h.p. four-cylinder, 80 mm. by 120 mm.; and the 15-h.p. six-cylinder, 70 mm. by 110 mm. bore and stroke, a chassis which must make a quite delightful small six-cylinder car. Prices for all models are remarkably moderate, as suggested by the fact that the last-named car, with special torpedo body, stands at no more than £372.

A Valve-Tabless Tube.

Much interest was evinced by visitors to the gallery in the exhibits of Almagam, Ltd., which were shown on the stand of the New Motor and General Rubber Co., the name under which Almagam, Ltd., is affiliated to the Society. New motor tyres and new tubes in Almagam were shown, and sectional rings of these tubes were handed about, in order that their wonderful elasticity might be tested to the uttermost. The behaviour of these rings was remarkable, for they were successfully subjected to stretching which could never possibly obtain when the tube was in the tyre. A really valuable feature in the Almagam inner tube is the absence of a valve-tab. Valve-tabs have always been the cause of a great deal of trouble to motorists, especially to those owning large, heavy cars. By the Almagam method, the valve-tab is built up in the tube and vulcanised at one process.

Many Things for the Car.

When the thoughts of the motorist turn to accessories, the name of Brown Brothers, Ltd., of 15, Newman Street, Oxford Street, at once occurs to the mind. To deal adequately with what may be seen and admired at Messrs. Brown Brothers' interesting establishment would take a whole issue of *The Sketch*. It is only possible to indicate two or three of the salient articles, and the visiting motorist will assuredly come across much that will interest him. Amongst such a wealth of fittings there is the Gabriel Horn, a warning instrument which, while operated by the exhaust, is the very reverse of a cut-out. The note is penetrating and arresting, but deeply musical withal, acting by a persuasive rather than a peremptory influence. If Scotland Yard had to pass warning-instruments, the Gabriel would come out at the top of the list. The "Duco" eight-day dashboard clock is a Brown specialty. Then we have "Raybestos," a brake-lining which is rapidly superseding all others for facing brake-shoes, etc. It is a woven combination of asbestos and hardened brass wire.

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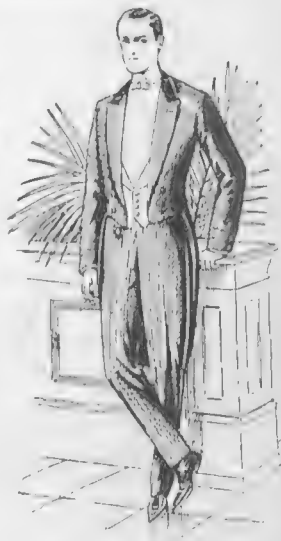
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EUX-E-SIS and a razor—that's all! Invaluable to travellers and Motorists.

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COFFEE MAKER

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Price One Guinea & upwards, at all leading watchmakers



THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN.

THE question of cover is one that commands attention at this season, when men are face to face with the result of their experiments, and there will be more than the usual inclination to try fresh shrubs or trees because of the comparative failure of last year's planting. Cover for game is not easy to select, and if you chat with an experienced gamekeeper you will probably find that he has a preference for certain trees or bushes because they attract grubs and insects more than others, and are consequently dear to insect-eating birds. Some two or three years ago I tried planting about an acre of land with a mixture of trees and shrubs that should be pleasant to look upon. With the inevitable larch, alder, privet, and snowberry, I mingled scarlet dogwood, guelder and Japanese roses, laburnum, lilac, scarlet chestnut, and a number of others that would supply colour and variety. Before planting I had the land double-dug, and the result of this deep cultivation has been most satisfactory. I went through the cover the other day and found that there was not a single tree dead. One and all had endured the strain of the drought, and seem, indeed, to be the better for it. So much, then, for deep cultivation.

Last year, as the land was very wet and heavy, I put down a few hundred larch without troubling to trench, and a few pines of sorts went with them. The mortality is about seventy-five per cent., and this would suggest that it is better to double-dig for one hundred trees than to plant five times as many in simpler fashion. At this season there are many advertisements of plants for cover; but the man who proposes to plant should be very wary. It is well, in the first place, to have the soil analysed, and then send a copy of the analysis and a description of the situation to a really responsible firm, and ask for advice as to what is best suited to the land. Whenever I have done this, I have found no occasion to regret it.

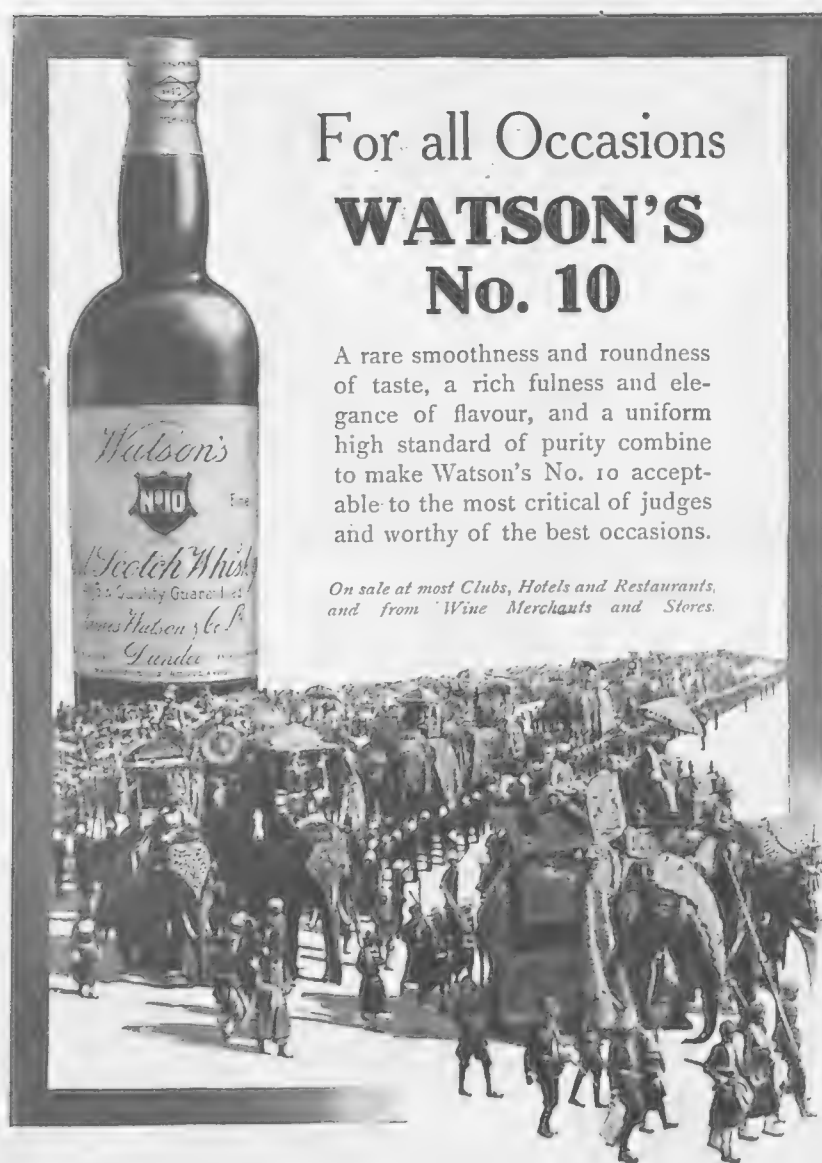
The question of a good firm is most important. This year I was putting a few acres down to clover and a few to pasture, and I sought the best seedsmen I could find and bought their best seed after giving them a copy of the analyses of the fields. The grass was sown on arable that had been fallowed, and the clover was planted with oats. Now the drought has been so severe this summer that much of the land put down to pasture has passed again under the plough, and much clover has been lost. Both fields seemed to be in a bad way at first, but the quality of the seeds has told, and to-day the pasture looks as though it might be two or three years old, and the clover is quite promising. Two of my neighbours were busy this spring—one putting down

clover, and the other making a pasture. Each chaffed me for sending more than one hundred miles for the seeds and paying more than the local prices; but the neighbour who desired a pleasant pasture had such an exhibition of couch-grass, nettles, thistles, and trumpery of every kind that he has had the land recleaned at considerable expense, and the one whose heart was set upon clover hasn't as much to every four acres as I have to every one.

I tried another experiment in the beginning of the summer by buying some flower-seeds from a house that charges too much, and others from a house that appears to charge too little. The seeds from the last-mentioned establishment refused to come up at all. Now seeds that won't germinate can't be cheap, and I hear so much of the disappointments that friends or neighbours suffer when they are tempted by bargain prices in the purchase of trees, shrubs, flowers, and vegetables, that I have come to the conclusion that the cheap stuff is dear at any price.

There has been a curious demand for acorns this autumn, and I have found men, women, and children gathering them. Farmers in this neighbourhood were paying a shilling—and are now, I think, giving rather more—for a bushel, and are storing them in their granaries for pig-food. Eaten indiscriminately by cattle, acorns are a dangerous food, but pigs take kindly to them, and the country is so short of the normal supply of food-stuffs that acorns are quite popular.

It is quite astonishing to see in mid-November unbroken coveys of partridges. I have never seen so many at this season in other years. There are three generally to be seen from my window, with the aid of the field-glass, on some sloping pastures. Two are to be found nearly every afternoon; the third appears occasionally. Two coveys are sixteen strong, and the other is fourteen. They are absolutely beyond the reach of gunfire, lying out as they do well in the middle of the fields and flying down wind when disturbed, not only at a great pace, but at a great height. These little groups are but samples; I hear everywhere of disappointment, and am inclined to believe that the only thing to make partridges lie to the gun will be the kite. Unfortunately, great skill is required for its use; there are few who know the precise colour to choose for a given day, or how to fly the kite effectively. I have seen the kite-flying done most successfully, but would not pretend to understand all the subtle considerations that occur to the mind of the expert flyer. I think that in a very short time now the guns won't try any more conclusions with the little brown bird, and will be content to leave him to his own devices, in the hope that he will increase and multiply, and replenish the earth for a glorious season in 1912. This, of course, is no more than making a virtue of necessity.—MARK OVER.



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It is distinguished from others by the ease with which it can be digested and absorbed. It can be served prepared to suit the exact physical condition of the person for whom it is intended.

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GOLD MEDAL
PALMITINE

FOR DINING & DRAWING ROOMS

CANDLES.

GRAND PRIZE
PARASTRINE

FOR USE UNDER SHADES

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"Zuleika Dobson,"

By MAX BEERBOHM.

(Heinemann.)

Mr. Max Beerbohm has expressed himself by criticism, by caricature, and by the essay—how delightfully always, we know. And now his title-page bespeaks the novelist. He puts it down to a love-affair between Zeus and Clio. This "Oxford Love Story" is, in fact, Clio's commission to Max, committed to him because "she knew me to be honest, sober, capable, and no stranger to Oxford." Interposed between stuffy layers of that fiction with which Zeus is said to have so long and ineffectually wooed Clio, fiction that but drives a reviewer, as it drove her, to a perverse pleasure in dry, historical fact, "Zuleika Dobson," Mr. Beerbohm's acquaintance of her task, comes with the shock of a douche, the flash of a rocket. One is stimulated, one is excited, one is incoherently, because breathlessly, grateful. Even those marvellous aptitudes with which Zeus—completely Clio's tool for the moment—consented to endow her chosen historian will not account for all the milk in this amazing cocoanut. "Invisibility, inevitability, psychic penetration, and a faultless memory thrown in," are excellent beginnings. But they must be plus something else to produce a real impression. They are, in fact, in this instance, plus Mr. Max Beerbohm. This is no time nor place to expatiate on that distinction. As with caviare, one either delights in his particular flavour, or dislikes it, or—lives in ignorance of what it tastes like; and, as with caviare, those who like it are cruelly contemptuous of those who don't, and pitifully contemptuous of those who never tried it. It can but be said that never by any medium became that flavour more apparent. Than "Zuleika Dobson," nothing better has been done since Oscar Wilde wrote "The Importance of Being Earnest." For Zuleika's story is not by any stretch a novel: it is the exquisite farce of a scholar-artist who is also philosopher. Farce is a delicate organism, and little can be learned by giving the bones of its framework—as for the manner, Mr. Beerbohm's claim, made in some long-ago *Saturday*, that farce demanded a fine manner has been triumphantly acknowledged. A cunning spontaneity which lends the beauty and the wit a natural air, as of flowers growing quite carelessly or capriciously within the reach of all, is shaken now and again by some fantastic, magnificent word—a word quite outside common currency, making its ornate and curious appeal, like an Eastern gem uncatalogued in Bond Street jewel-shops. In one sense, "Zuleika Dobson" is a love-story, with Max for lover and Oxford as beloved. Oxford may be a lotus-land that saps the will, with the moisture of her meadows drifting through her colleges; but—"I would liefer have the rest

of England subside into the sea than have Oxford set on a salubrious level. For there is nothing in England to be matched with what lurks in the vapours of these meadows and in the shadows of these spires—that mysterious inenubitable spirit, spirit of Oxford. Oxford! The very sight of the word printed, or sound of it spoken, is fraught for me with most actual magic." Its very railway-station whispers "the last enchantments of the Middle Age." And the Warden of Judas standing there at the door of the first-class waiting-room, "aloof and venerable," opens the drama. "An ebon pillar of tradition seemed he, in his garb of old-fashioned cleric. Aloft, between the wide brim of his silk hat and the wide extent of his shirt-front, appeared those eyes which hawks, that nose which eagles, had often envied. He supported his years on an ebon stick." And to him, strange freak of heredity, came Zuleika.

"The Case of Richard Meynell."

By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

(Smith, Elder).

Were there practical specialists in theological subtleties as there exist those for—say, skin diseases, Richard Meynell would be likely to meet Robert Elsmere coming out from the consulting-room as he went in. In the case of Richard Meynell, it was a heresy of Modernism which led him to conduct morning service with the Lord's Prayer said once instead of four times, half of the psalms for the day omitted, after an explanation from the chancel steps that they were not fit to be read in a Christian church, some prayers altered, an extempore one added, and the creeds merely noted as dispassionate impersonal statements. His intention of open war was naturally the result, and Mrs. Ward holds her clever, capable way through the strategy and ideals of the combatants. To many who find a heavy burden laid upon their reason by obvious facts of existence and the universe, these theological battle-cries will often sound like hair-splitting. Such folk will also be liable to skip the ingenious sermons. But there are a grip and sincerity about Mrs. Ward's problems; they call for respectful attention; and presented though they be with considerable bias, she is too accomplished to overstate or understate beyond general sympathy. Ruskin once claimed for the Shakespearean drama that all its tragedies were brought about by women, and likewise all its salvations. On the same principle, Mrs. Ward relates how nearly her hero threw up his life-work because a woman failed him, and how he once more resumed it at a woman's bidding. The Rev. Richard received gifts considerably finer than the slippers of a Victorian era from those whose enthusiasm he evoked. To leave such a man working once more at his Modernism with his old Franciscan fervour is after all to leave him happy.

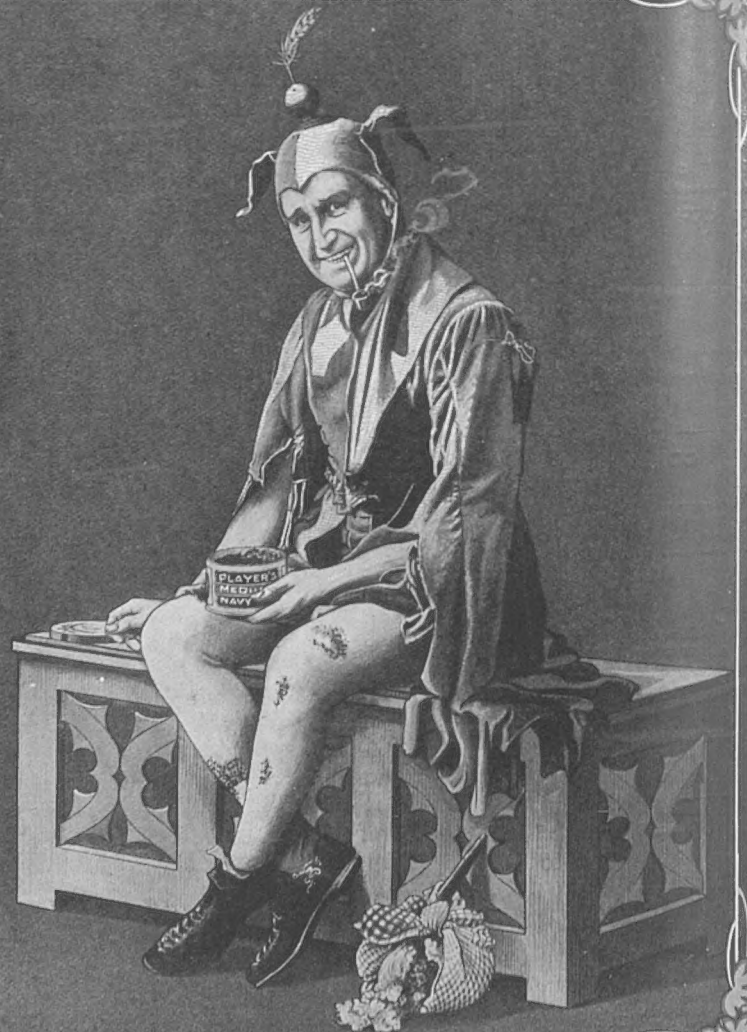
Smoke

PLAYER'S
Navy Cut

THE ORIGINAL.



"My Master's! 'tis PLAYER'S NAVY CUT alone that is the only "CUT" to give me joy. Still let the Jester speak. Cut out the dalliance of idle time an old wife's worries or a day's bad luck, with just a pipe or two of PLAYER'S NAVY CUT"



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Re The Late
LOUISA LADY ASHBURTON,
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Sir FREDK. GRAHAM MOON,
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And Others. Removed from

MELCHET COURT, NEAR ROMSEY,
HANTS; BALLANDS HALL, FET-
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GENUINE SECOND-HAND

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handsome design white enamel bedroom
suites of Louis XIV. style at £7 15s.; four
very artistic Sheraton design inlaid mahog-
any bedroom suites at £7 15s.; three
artistic large solid walnut bedroom suites
at £9 17s. 6d.; two fine old English gent's
wardrobes, fitted sliding trays and drawers,
at £7 15s.; two solid oak ditto at £5 15s.;
very choice Sheraton design bedroom
suite, 13gs.: elaborate all brass Sheraton
style bedstead, with superior spring mat-
tress and bedding, complete, £4 10s.;
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room suite, £14 14s.; all-brass square tube
full-size bedstead, with superior spring
mattress, at £3 17s. 6d.; costly Chippendale
design mahogany bedroom suite, £32;
costly inlaid satinwood bedroom suite, £45;
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12gs.; very magnificent "Empire" design
bedroom suite, £68 5s.; very magnificent
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match, £25; costly Chippendale design
mahogany bedroom suite, very fine, £32;
costly Sheraton design mahogany inlaid
bedroom suite, fitted revolving mirrors of
very unique design (cost treble), £45;
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to match, £9 15s.; uncommonly fine satin-
wood bedroom suite, inlaid amboyna and
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wood bedstead to match, £14 14s.; very
magnificent 7ft. wide inlaid mahogany
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treble), £65; massive square pillar 5ft.
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Fine quality real Turkey carpet, about 9ft.
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armchairs and six small ditto to match,
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of Hepplewhite design, exquisitely carved,
£15 15s.; Hepplewhite design sideboard,
12gs.; ditto dining table, extending, £7 15s.;
handsome bookcase, £3 15s.; choice dessert
service of 18 pieces, cobalt blue and gold,
£1 15s.; very fine grand piano, £25; music
ottoman, forming cabinet, £1 7s. 6d.;
costly bronze and marble clock with side
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glass, about 100 pieces, £4 15s.; luxurious
Chesterfield settee, £3 15s.; two luxurious
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costly real Turkey carpet, about 9ft. 6in. by
12ft. 6in., £8 15s.; real Turkey rug, £2 10s.;
magnificently-carved grandfather clock to
match, £22 10s.; and many other items too
numerous to mention here.

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Very elegant design large Axminster
bordered carpet, about 11ft. 6in. wide and
15ft. long, £8 15s.; the costly Chesterfield
silk suite, a design rarely seen, very magni-
ficent, £20 5s.; four gilt Louis XIV. occa-
sional chairs, at £1 7s. 6d.; Louis XIV. style
cabinet, about 8ft. 6in. high, a perfect work of
art worth over treble), £16 10s.; overmantel
fitment to match, £4 4s.; centre table to
match, £3 15s.; Medieval model upright
grand piano, by Stanley Brinsmead, with
every possible up-to-date improvement,
scarcely soiled, £18 18s.; the satinwood
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£14 14s.; satinwood decorated centre
table, £2 10s.; satinwood decorated over-
mantel, £3 10s.; costly satinwood decorated
suite, covered choice brocade gobelin blue
silk, £13 13s.; Louis XV. design all brass
fender suite, £8 15s.; pair of Louis XV.
carved and gilt settees, covering of Parisian
broche silk, at £9 9s.; pair of Louis XV.
carved and gilt fauteuils, at £4 10s.; six
Louis XV. occasional chairs to match,
£2 5s.; two Louis XV. gilt Bergere chairs,
carved with foliage, at £12 12s.

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loaded either by your gun-
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Cartridges are splendid for game
shooting — wet or fine weather.

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It is not only ad-
visable to ask for
John Jameson's
Whiskey when oppor-
tunity offers, but to
insist on there being
a bottle in the house.

It is a pure pot still
whiskey of splendid
flavour, fully aged,
and guaranteed by a
firm that has been
famous for the quality
of its whiskey for
over 130 years.

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Jameson's
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John Jameson & Son,
Ltd., Dublin. Estd. 1780

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3

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(Canis lagopus)
DYED JET BLACK

In purchasing Black Fox
Furs customers are advised
to ascertain if the skins
are white fox dyed black.
Owing to the great demand
for this fur any number of
red foxes are now being
dyed black, but these do not
retain their colour, neither
have they the beautiful
lustre of the White Siberian
Skins.

Black Fox Stole (as sketch),
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Siberian Skins.

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of Style and Comfort,
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MAKERS OF THE CELEBRATED "GEORGE" MOTOR COAT.

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OVERCOATS of every
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immediate wear, or to
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call and inspect our New
Goods and leave their
measures.



The New Dress Suit, Cut with our
New System of Waist Fitting,
From 6 Guineas.

GENERAL NOTES.

TO men particular in the matter of their attire, Mr. Harry Hall has long been known as a tailor of merit and distinction. An inaugural opening of the extension of his premises, held recently at 207, Oxford Street, was largely attended, and the visitors were particularly impressed by the range and quality of material, and the volume of business which was being conducted all the time. The personality of Mr. Harry Hall is a great asset, and this is reflected in the courteous demeanour which customers experience in every department. The firm has won ten gold medals at important exhibitions.

Derby Day is the name of a new and exciting card game by the inventors of Pit, Pop-in-Taw, and Pastime Puzzles. It is just the game for parties, as any number from three to twelve can play. The cards are illustrated with horses ridden by jockeys wearing the colours of the chief racing stables in England. Derby Day is becoming extremely popular.

It is inspiring to know that they have ushered in the dawn of progress in Argentina. At the Centenary Exhibition held at Buenos Ayres the Grand Prix for Scotch whisky has been awarded to Messrs. Andrew Usher and Co., the well-known Edinburgh distillers. Where there's whisky there's wit.

Attention may be directed to the arrangements being made by the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway for those wishing to spend Christmas on the Riviera. Cheap tickets to Monte Carlo, Cannes, Nice, Mentone, and other stations on the French Riviera will be issued by a special service leaving Charing Cross at 1 p.m. on Dec. 22, via Folkestone and Calais; and the through train from Calais will be composed of first and second class lavatory corridor-

carriages and a restaurant-car. The return fares will be: £9 12s. first class, and £6 12s. second class. Tickets will be available on the homeward journey up to Jan. 30.

As a latter-day poet, Mr. Francis Coult, has said, "the small attritions wear us down," rather than the big misfortunes; and any devices which smooth away these little irritations are a boon to mankind. Such are the inventions placed on the market by Messrs. Cooper, Dennison, and Walkden, of 7-9, St. Bride Street, E.C. The "Third Hand" Thumb Magnifier justifies its name by the fact that it fits on the thumb, leaving both hands free. The "Georgian" Sealing Set, again, gets rid of all the troubles—such as spilt wax and burnt fingers—involved in the old methods. Similar useful inventions are the "Third Hand" Umbrella Clip, the "Roller" Collar Support, and the "Third Hand" Hook and Vice.

In our last issue we gave a double-page of photographs illustrating various electric devices for heating, cooking, and other domestic uses, showing how electric power may save labour for the up-to-date housewife. It should have been stated that these interesting photographs were supplied by the Simplex Electric Heating Co., of Sidney and Pilgrim Streets, Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A.

In Mme. Marthe Trolly-Curtin's "Frvolities of Phrynette" article in our last issue one sentence was printed thus: "Be sure that when man gives the vote, it will be to the woman, not to Miss Pankhurst, to the good-fellow, or to the logician." The sentence ought to have read as follows: "Be sure that when man gives the vote, it will be to the woman, not, Miss Pankhurst, to the good-fellow or to the logician." Miss Pankhurst is addressed in the vocative. The verbal difference is slight, but the altered sense might cause misunderstanding.



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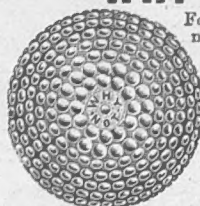
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